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RETREAT FROM GENEVA.

BY SIR ARTHUR WILLERT.

IN the middle of September the League of Nations holds at Geneva the annual meeting of its Assembly. It will be a depressing occasion, especially for those who attended the corresponding meeting two years ago.

Two years ago it looked as if, under the leadership of Great Britain, the League might at last justify the hopes of its creators and become, in Europe at any rate, a real force for international stability. Sir Samuel Hoare, in his then famous and now notorious speech, had proclaimed that Great Britain stood for the " collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety and particularly for the steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression." Mr. Eden was working energetically for what the world imagined would be effective sanctions for the protection of Abyssinia from Italy. The outlook for organized peace, dark after the failure of the Disarmament Conference, was brighter again, and British prestige again stood high.

The National Government still proclaims that its foreign policy is based upon the aims and ideals of the League of Nations ; the reform of the League will no doubt be discussed at Geneva, and speeches made about the need for the collective organization of peace. But nobody will consider these and similar gestures as much more than efforts of embarrassed politicians to cover up a disagreeable truth. That truth is the disappearance, temporary it is to be hoped but none the less emphatic, of the League of Nations from the field of high international affairs. Its valuable services to the social amelioration of the world and other similar activities will continue and, if the Governments are wise, will be extended ; it can still, as was shown recently between France and Turkey, prevent or conciliate minor disputes ; it is still a useful and educative

meeting-place for politicians and officials ; but in regard to the dominating problems of the moment its influence can be counted out.

The reason for this is simple. The nations have rejected their League in its peace-keeping and peace-compelling capacity. The dictatorships make no bones about their rejection. The democracies may protest to the contrary, but they also no longer believe in the efficiency of the collective security system of the Covenant. Mr. Eden made his mark as a whole-hearted supporter of collective security. And he may still from time to time proclaim that we cannot " live secure in a western European glass-house " or be indifferent to a threat of war in Eastern Europe. But everybody knows that Great Britain is prepared automatically to protect the peace only when it is threatened in Western Europe and that our defensive frontier is on the Rhine where Lord Baldwin put it before his brief flirtation with the League in the months preceding the election of 1935. Mr. Eden would thus seem to have been forced to subordinate the faith held by so many millions of the war generation in the possibility of a new and saner system of international affairs to the views of older colleagues whose ideas were fixed before the War and its aftermath had brought the present world into being.

France and the other European democracies have accompanied Great Britain in her retreat from Geneva. French politicians, with the notable exception of M. Briand, have never been great believers in the League of Nations as it is constituted. They doubted whether, with the United States out of it, and Great Britain only half in it, such a body could protect their country and its European friends from Germany. Had the National Government not so promptly seen to it that Sir Samuel Hoare's words at Geneva should remain only words, France would, nevertheless, almost certainly have been ready to develop a real collective security system with us. As it is, she puts more faith in the Maginot Line than in a weak League. As for the smaller democracies, the fate of Abyssinia has made them shy away from an international system which some of them were already afraid might involve them in measures against a powerful and brutal neighbour without any real

certainty that the Great Powers would protect them effectively. Hence, for instance, the spectacle of Belgium preparing to defend her neutrality, wedged in between embattled Great Powers, a telling and pathetic commentary upon the present state of Europe.

Must things continue to drift from bad to worse? Before considering the cure it is as well to know something about the disease. Here, as in the United States, the impression is prevalent that Europe is dominated by a struggle between the rival "ideologies" of democracy and fascism, even of fascism and communism. Many British Conservatives regard General Franco as the local champion against communism. The Labour Party often speaks as if fighting fascism should be the first function of democracy. Members of the Government discourse upon the danger of the "ideological fronts." Mr. Eden was reported to have said at Liverpool last Spring that

> "We are not going to take a step [in foreign politics] the consequences of which must be decisive one way or the other unless we are convinced that it is both right and wise. We are certainly not going to take action which will divide Europe into two *blocs*, both heavily armed."

The Prime Minister told the House of Commons not long ago that the chief concern of the Government was to confine the ideological war to Spain by reducing to the minimum the danger that the interference of some country representing one of the ideologies should be pushed to such a point as to make another country impregnated with the other ideology join in.

The extension of the Spanish war is everybody's fear. But the Prime Minister's belief that the international quality of the war is the result of "ideological" pressures seems to Europeans to have about as inadequate a relation with realities as does Mr. Eden's belief that no further back than last spring their continent was still waiting to be broken into two *blocs*. In their estimation it was long ago so riven, when Germany left the League and the Disarmament Conference collapsed. But the alignment is not primarily caused by any ideological preferences. It is caused, like many other European combinations before it by the discontents, ambitions, fears and jarring psychologies of the different nations. One need not travel far in Europe to realize that people are much less worried by communism and fascism than they are afraid of the States where

the nations happen to profess those creeds. It suits Herr Hitler to pose before Anglo-Saxon eyes as the bulwark between Bolshevism and Western civilization. It has paid him to play up the communist menace in Spain in order to obscure the real reason of his intervention. He may personally be as impressed with the danger of Bolshevist penetration as he ever was and may still regard Russia in terms of that menace. But, in spite of his propaganda, the average German seems now to be tending to look upon Russia as he did in 1914, as practising a dangerous nationalism. To him M. Stalin with his French " alliance " is to be feared because he has inherited the foreign policy of the Tsar at least as much as on account of his peculiar "ideology."

Germany and Russia have the two most impressive and therefore crowded buildings at the Paris Exhibition. I spent some time in them listening to the comments of the French Fourteenth of July holiday sight-seers. The exhibits were not discussed as the products of fascism or communism. The general run of the comment was " Well, there must be something in these Russians after all." " A formidable race, the Germans."

And, if the " ideological " fronts fail to strike the traveller, except for the constant sneers of the dictatorships at the decadence of democracy and the futility of French and British politicians, the ebulliences of nationalism cannot but impress him. Italy and Germany shout nationalism at one far more than they do their respective brands of fascism. In Italy the patriotic blatancies so conspicuously painted upon village walls say a great deal more about Italy as a nation than about Italy as a fascist success, and " Founder of the Empire " is now Signor Mussolini's official title. As for Germany, the National Workingmen's and Socialist Party seems more " national " and less " workingman " and " socialist " every time one crosses the frontier. And, when one crosses back into France one finds not precautions against the contamination of hostile " ideologies" but the modernization on a tremendous scale of those same fortifications on her Eastern frontier which Vauban, Louis XIV.'s great military engineer, proclaimed as even then essential for the safety of the French State. The explosive restlessness of the dictatorships is, in fact, regarded everywhere in Europe mainly as the product not of political creeds but of over-heated

nationalism.

The real enemy of our peace of mind is not fascism or communism, but the reappearance of the old balance of power system which has bedevilled the continent and occasionally involved us in its wars during the last three hundred years. The old incompatibilities of the continent have been aggravated by the grievances left by the war and by the success with which the dictators have reinforced national discontents with national ambitions. If originally Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini were the incarnations of the inferiority complexes of their countrymen, they now represent superiority complexes as well; and discontent and arrogance make a dangerous mixture. Hence France and Russia, more frightened than ever of Germany, once more stand together in what the Germans consider to be an encircling alliance against them. To this the German answer has been the obvious one, first an understanding with Italy, the other discontented country, and then an effort to outflank Russia and France, to encircle the encirclers, to adapt to politics the enveloping tactics of mobile warfare. Hence, in the East, Germany's last year's treaty with Japan and, in the West, the German-Italian adventure in Spain. The Japanese treaty was meant to make the Russians uncomfortable, and it is quite possible that its existence contributed, though not so much as Stalin's obliteration of the best brains of his army, to the fact that Moscow has done even less than Washington and London to protect China from Japan's latest spasm of piracy.

The German-Italian adventure in Spain is, of course, to establish a government in Madrid friendly to the dictatorships. The dictatorships would then be in a good position in case of war to prevent France from using the vital military reservoir of her African Empire, to close the Mediterranean to Great Britain and to establish submarine and air bases in western Spain well out in the Atlantic. Nor would it contribute to the peace of mind of France that three out of her four continental neighbours should be on the wrong side of the balance of power. In Spain the dictators, though successful in their first gambits, have not yet won the game. They have not yet landed their *protégé* in Madrid and, if they do, it will remain to be seen whether he will be able to stay there and whether, if he stays

there he will "deliver the goods." But, if they lose in Spain, it will be their first serious set-back in major politics since they started to assert themselves.

The head-line events in international affairs have since the beginning of this decade gone steadily against the democracies. The Japanese militarists led off with the rape of Manchuria; Herr Hitler obliterated the armament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and started to have all the army, navy and air force that he saw fit to possess; Signor Mussolini grabbed Abyssinia, smashed what was left of the political authority of the League and administered to British statesmanship about the sharpest humiliation that it has suffered since Cornwallis surrendered to the Americans at Yorktown; Herr Hitler made another hole in the Treaty of Versailles by marching his troops through it into the demilitarized zone on the Rhine. Encouraged by the failure of the democracies to oppose to these outbreaks of lawlessness and force anything more than words and half-measures, the dictators combined in their Spanish effort, and Japan, watching from across the world, judges rightly that she can slice something more off China with impunity.

And, if democratic diplomacy has wilted before the offensives of the dictatorships, its efforts at counter-offensives have been equally unfortunate. The United States, France and Great Britain have, it is true, one hopeful measure of reconstruction to the credit side of their ledger, namely last year's arrangement for the steadying of their currencies; and things like the British treaty with Egypt, last year's Dardanelles convention and even the naval arrangements with Germany and Russia can be put in the same column. But in the other column is the far weightier list of the failure of the Disarmament Conference, the failure of the effort to prolong the limitations imposed upon the principal navies by the Washington Naval Conference in 1922, the failure of the League of Nations and the failure of Mr. Eden's effort to find a substitute for collective security. It is now more than a year since the British Foreign Minister presided in London at a meeting between France, Belgium and Great Britain at which these three countries asked Germany and Italy to join them in an attempt to consolidate peace by means of a general settlement. The idea was, first, to conclude with Germany and

Italy a Western Pact to take the place of the Locarno Agreement, which Germany had broken by her re-occupation of the demilitarized zone, and then to call in other countries and negotiate security arrangements for the rest of Europe. The Spanish imbroglio, in which again the democracies have so far had the worst of it, together with the passive and cynical resistance of Germany, have prevented this scheme from making the slightest progress.

It is not surprising, therefore, that "Pertinax," the most careful and experienced of French writers on international affairs, should have taken as the text of his article, "European Stampede," in the August FORTNIGHTLY, the bad showing of French and British diplomacy. The countries in Central and Eastern Europe who used to be solidly on the Franco-British side of the balance of power are, he says, so much perturbed by it that they are now sitting on the fence wondering whether it would not be safer to come down on the German side. Nor is it only the small countries that may be affected. It is known that many Germans, including some of the high command of the army, would like a *rapprochement* with Russia. They argue that, with Russia behind her, Germany would have advanced a long step towards domination of Europe. She would have access to most of the raw materials that she needs and, in case of a war for the furtherance of wider ambitions, would be able to snap her fingers at the British blockade. Russia on her side wants peace above everything and is obviously disquieted by the strength of Japan and Germany, by the weakness of French and British diplomacy and by the tendency of England in spite of the progress of her rearmament more and more to entrench herself in Western Europe. It might, therefore, suit her to come to terms again with Germany who has after all been her friend for most of the post-war period. This possibility is a nightmare to most of Europe and ought to be to us as well. It is true that neither Herr Hitler nor M. Stalin has shown the slightest sign of reconciliation. But even there a basis for agreement exists, for M. Stalin becomes more and more dictatorial and less and less communist and seems to be eliminating his leading Jews.

That, however, is for the future. For the present what

matters is the discovery of ways and means of wiping off the "formidable deficit" which Pertinax espies in the diplomatic balance-sheet of the democracies. The situation is by no means hopeless. The prospects of France mastering her internal difficulties is much better than it was. If the standing of British diplomacy has fallen steadily (except for those few weeks of false dawn two years ago) since the days of Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Arthur Henderson, British national prestige, so far as it can be separated from standing of British politicians, is higher than it has been for a long time. In the last six months I have crossed the Mississippi in the West and the Danube in the East. If anything can be more marked on both sides of the Atlantic than the doubts about British foreign policy it is the sympathetic admiration elicited by our success in pulling ourselves out of the depression and by the grim determination with which we are footing the bill for rearmament. Potentially, too, our actual rearmament has helped our prestige. But only potentially, because powerful armaments in conjunction with a feeble foreign policy are rather like a powerful motor in conjunction with a bad driver. Admiration for the motor is apt to be overlaid by doubts as to the use to which it may be put.

In regard to Spain, people cannot comprehend our apparent inability to see from the first that General Franco was the tool of the dictators rather than the champion of law and order against communism and also that non-intervention was bound to fail for the same reason that Abyssinian sanctions failed, unless Great Britain and France made it clear that they were ready to use their supremacy on the sea to enforce it. Nor is the British posture towards Berlin and Rome understood, with its nervous and curiously rhythmic alternations of coolness and placation. Nobody, it is true, thinks much of the durability of the Rome-Berlin connexion. The known contempt and distrust of Germany for Italy is one of the causes of the speculation as to the possibility of Berlin and Moscow coming together. The Italian "betrayals" of 1914 and 1915 still rankle in the German mind, and, especially since the Italian *débâcle* last spring in Spain, German contempt for Italian fighting qualities is as deep as ever. Italy, on her side, is obviously uncomfortable. Signor

Mussolini must be disquieted by the discovery that his Abyssinian triumph has, by over-extending his resources, weakened him in Europe and forced him very definitely to play second fiddle to Germany. Nor is this subordination to Germany, always an unpopular country with it, escaping the notice of the Italian public.

But, even if Signor Mussolini could be turned into a permanent and loyal friend, which is doubtful in view of his Mediterranean ambitions, spasmodic efforts to drive wedges between the dictators is hardly a constructive policy. It would not end the balance of power danger and it might even make it worse by causing Germany to substitute Russia for Italy as an ally. If Europe is to be saved from another war, it must be by tackling the fundamental causes of its unrest.

There is no room here to examine the reasons which have made the National Government lead the retreat from Geneva. However unconvincing they may be, they have to be accepted for the present if only because there is not the slightest prospect that the National Government will be dislodged from office for some time to come. Does this then mean that we must continue to drift and leave the initiative to the dictatorships until another European war is precipitated by some accident, or by some nation desperately turning against the ruthless roughness of Berlin or Rome, or until the dictatorships are forced by economic pressure to explode into aggressive warfare? The latter eventuality does not appear to be immediate. The best evidence points to both Germany and Italy being able to make out economically for some years to come, even if the present barriers to international trade continue unrelaxed. The danger of the "expand or explode" crisis which, Herr Hitler has written, would be the only justification for German aggression, is most to be apprehended when rearmament is over and its stimulus to industry, trade and employment is at an end.

And that brings up the answer to the question just stated. There is a constructive alternative to collective security and it is an economic alternative. It has been put forward mainly, but by no means exclusively, by the United States. President Roosevelt and his Foreign Minister, Mr. Hull, are watching events in the outside world with great anxiety. As their

speeches show, they are as much concerned as anybody else by the threat which the dictatorships offer to peace. So are their countrymen. Fear of another war dominates men's imaginations from one end of the United States to the other. Tradition, together with a general determination not to meddle with the explosive confusions of the Old World, prevents anything like direct participation in its international affairs. But Mr. Hull is of the school which believes that the root of our troubles is largely economic, and in the economic field the United States can act.

Mr. Hull would like to see the American reciprocity area (*of* the recent lower tariff treaties with the countries of the Western hemisphere, including Canada) linked up with our Imperial preference area and with the democracies of Western Europe; then, at the least, the European democracies would have been strengthened as against the dictatorships and, at the most, the dictatorships would be tempted to join the freer trading countries, in which case a long step might have been taken towards real appeasement, towards a continuation of the Disarmament Conference, and towards another economic conference and the consideration of the grievances of the have-not countries in an atmosphere which would encourage the frightened countries to make concessions.

The Hull plan has been accepted by the countries of the British Empire in principle. But in practice the linking together of the freer trading areas of the Western Hemisphere and the Empire needs an Anglo-American trade treaty as well as the Canadian-American treaty. Negotiations for this have been in progress. Its conclusion, however, involves modifications of Imperial preference and therefore of the Ottawa agreements. That in turn means consultation between the different countries of the Empire, to which Mr. Hull's desiderata present difficult problems. Canada does not like the idea of sharing with the United States the British market for fruits and lumber. South Africa is even more interested in fruits, though there the seasonal difference makes things easier. Also she would like to bring the stabilization of gold into the bargain. Australia does not want more competition with the dried fruits which she sends us and she has an unsettled economic dispute with the United States. We

naturally shrink from increasing the competition to which our farmers are subjected and from prejudicing our efforts to become more self-supporting in foodstuffs. The whole Empire dislikes the subsidies which Washington gives to its shipping to enable it to compete with ours, even in trade between different Dominions. It is earnestly to be hoped that these and other difficulties will be overcome and that they will not be magnified into insuperable obstacles either by that baffling mixture of complacency and timidity which made British support of collective security such a sorry farce or by anything that could be interpreted as an Anglo-Saxon variant of the narrow nationalisms of the continent.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Hull's programme were wrecked on the rock of anything that looked like unreasonable British obstruction, the current neutrality law would almost certainly be wrecked with it. The rebuff would send the whole of the United States back into the innermost recesses of her shell of isolationism. The opinion never quite absent from the mind of Congress that the European democracies with their immense armament programmes and their sometimes stubborn nationalisms are also to blame for the troubles of Europe would be strengthened and, when the neutrality law comes up for reconsideration in less than two years' time, it would almost certainly be recast in something like its original form of "hundred per cent" isolationism. Europe and the United States have both been anxiously wondering whether Mr. Chamberlain would bring a new firmness to our diplomacy. The countries of good-will would be somewhat reassured if the Prime Minister could show that the British Government, for its part, means to do everything it can to meet Mr. Hull's proposals for the peace of the world by something more tangible than expressions of "full agreement."

CHAINING THE DRAGON

By R. T. Barrett

JAPAN'S attempt to conquer China by successively setting up puppet governments in the different provinces might have succeeded a generation ago, before the fall of the Manchu dynasty. If pursued today it will fail and involve both nations in disaster, for while Japan has the power to destroy the achievements of the National Government of Nanking and drive the Chinese people back into chaos, she will not be able to overcome the dogged resistance of four hundred million people in whom a new patriotism is stirring. That the military party in Japan has such ambitions admits of little doubt. If they have not been satisfied with Korea and Formosa, with Inner Mongolia and Manchuria, it is unlikely that the creation of a new autonomous state in North China will permanently meet their demands.

Superficially there is much to be said for Japan's policy. She must have markets and raw materials to maintain the industries by which alone her overcrowded population can live; she has been shut out of the Western world by tariffs and immigration laws, so that China is the only field left to her; she needs to secure herself strategically against the renascent power of Russia and to forestall the militarization of China. Furthermore, the peace and good order which she claims to have brought to Korea must be extended to China, for China's own good.

The irony of it is that Japan could have everything she really needs from China without resort to violence. Sun Yat-sen, whose name is still a power in China, emphasized that the two nations were natural allies, politically and economically. Japan's achievements as a modern Power have aroused intense admiration in China, she has many friends in the Republic and could obtain the mineral and railway concessions that she wants if she would abstain from military coercion and work upon the assumption of political equality between the two nations.

She could even get, in due time, favourable tariff rates for her goods and be accepted as China's tutor. Her natural advantages in competing for the trade of China would make her commercially irresistible, once she had secured Chinese friendship.

Unfortunately the Japanese militarists are blindly confident in their plan for conquest. They consider that force is the only argument understood by the Chinese, and that only under threats will agreements be honoured. They will do in China what, they imagine, Britain has done in India. They are obsessed with the old Pan-German fallacies and will not look beyond the points of their bayonets. Stripped of sophistries Japan's policy is merely an exploiting of the troublous times of the Chinese Revolution.

This Revolution, whose range is little understood, has been for a century undermining the most ancient and stable civilization in the world. The process has been enormously speeded up since the overthrow of the monarchy, but, when the wars and upheavals of European nations are recalled, the marvel is that after only thirteen years of civil war the vast continent called China is well on its way to unity and reconstruction. The revolution is economic, social and religious as well as political. It is affecting the lives of every member of the race. There are backwoods of China where the Republic is still hardly a name, but in the towns and in the villages of the fertile plains an ever-widening circle is alive to China's needs and hungry for change.

Politically China has been for three thousand years an elaborate pyramid, with the Emperor, the sole intermediary between the people and Shang Te, Creator and Ruler of the Universe, at the apex. Rule was exercised by the Emperor's emissaries, civil servants chosen by competitive examination and promoted according to their merits. In 1912 this system was violently overthrown, having grown rotten because the strong-willed Empress Dowager had rallied the forces of reaction and successfully opposed the adjustments needed upon contact with the European peoples. The Emperor was deposed, and power seized by soldiers and revolutionary politicians, but so great was the natural stability of China that for the next four years one strong man, Yuan Shih-kai, was able to hold the country together. The succeeding strife, starting in 1917, was

the counterpart to our own Wars of the Roses, but the last serious rebellion was put down in 1930. Despite her sufferings since the Revolution China has resolutely set herself against a return of the monarchy. There are those who say that ill fortune will continue till the Emperor once more offers in the Temple of Heaven the yearly sacrifices to the gods. But Yuan Shih-kai was pulled down from power for attempting to mount the Dragon Throne, and much of the suspicion directed against Chiang Kai-shek, incomparably the greatest figure in modern China, is due to a belief that he wishes to make himself Emperor. For the former Boy Emperor, Pu-Yi, now head of Manchukuo, there is nothing but contempt.

Long before this political upheaval the impact of Europe's scientific industry had been slowly undermining an economic structure not more advanced than that of our own Middle Ages. China's agriculture, ranging from the tropics of the south to the alternate burning heat and arctic cold of the Northern provinces, was mainly dependent upon intensive cultivation, without machinery and lacking man's foremost animal helper, the horse. Each district was self-supporting, like a mediæval hundred, only drawing luxuries from an outside world connected to it by bridle paths. China did not evolve highroads, railways and steamships for herself; they were introduced from outside, and with them came opportunities for trade which have been gradually modifying the complex system of the isolated village and market town. In the cities, Chinese labour, passive, obedient, and frugal beyond European conception, has offered an opportunity to industrialists rivalled only by the similar openings in Japan.

Economics react upon social life. The products of the native factory and the wares of the foreign trader have found their way into Chinese homes, where life had been fixed for centuries by the Confucian code, and most cunningly adapted to the recurrent calamities of flood and famine, and to a winter whose severity spares only the southernmost provinces. The idea of change has only slowly possessed the stubborn Chinese mind, but, having penetrated, is now held with proportionate tenacity. The Chinese, at last, are no longer content to follow the old ways, and do what their ancestors did. They are

determined to have better things. The most profound change, however, has been the rapid advance of the emancipation of women. In China women have always been subservient to men and there is no legend of a Vedic and matriarchal age. The mother with grown-up sons is honoured, but the wife, the concubines and the daughters must give instant obedience, while the *mui tsai* is the abject chattel of her mistress until she is sold into marriage. China's real purdah, of course, was the binding of the feet, for a crippled woman is no match for a man. With the passing of this barbarity there have been fewer social and superstitious bonds to break than in other parts of the East, and the women, being less pampered in babyhood than the boys, and less self-indulgent in maturity, are mentally, and often physically the superior of the men. "The aunties," i.e., the middle-aged women, it is commonly said, "rule the houses," where four generations live under one roof. They like Western innovations; they are interested in public affairs, and if a national struggle comes the women of China will stand firm behind their men folk, and not a few will take as active a part as their sisters in Spain. They will double the power of passive resistance in China. In Hongkong and Shanghai, those experimental grounds of modern China, women mingle socially with men, they bathe and play games on equal terms with Europeans, the swimming and tennis lady champions of Hongkong are Chinese women of good family. In Nanking Mei Ling-Soong, the beautiful and intellectual wife of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, has been to official circles as much a revelation of feminine capacity for public affairs as Queen Victoria was to nineteenth-century England.

Beneath the surface of Chinese life, hidden from European eyes, and yet profoundly affecting all classes, is the break-up of Chinese religious belief, that curious and three-fold mixture of Taoism, Buddhism and Confucianism. Fear of spirits is an obsession with the Chinese. Only a minute proportion of the people are free from it, but to counteract their fears rites of propitiation flourish. The Taoist priest is the controller of the *kwei*, or evil spirit; he is also the master of omens, astrology and *fung shui*, the mysterious harmonizing of human action with the gods of wind and water. Taoism is supplemented by Buddhism,

which, in China, takes charge of the departed spirits of men and, beginning with the funeral ceremonial, ensures that there shall be no haunting by the dead. Thus, a Chinese of wealth will have a paper motor-car burnt outside his house at the proper interval after his decease. Its shadow will join him, but, if this rite were omitted he would, when he wanted a ride, take his old place in the family car. Buddhism, in this matter of quieting the dead merges into Confucianism, which is largely exercised with reverence to parents and ancestors, in life and after death. Confucianism, which has weathered the revolutionary storm, and is now enjoying a revival, has always needed spiritual support for its dry formalism. Taoism at first supplied the need, Buddhism was added as a reinforcement, but now that these two are under a cloud, shrewd observers would not be surprised to see Christianity fill the void. Missionaries make little progress because they are denominational, and the Chinese are not drawn to any of our sects, but they reverence the written word and they read the New Testaments faithfully distributed by the Bible Society. They appreciate its Oriental flavour and its kinship with the writings of their own sages. But if Christianity does come to China it will be slowly, imperceptibly, and in a way that our orthodox churches will declare is not Christianty at all. That is China's method ; like Kipling's cat she walks by herself. If Christian conceptions help the Chinese in their painful struggle to enlarge their sense of loyalty beyond the family circle to the nation and all fellow countrymen, what they find to be useful they will adopt, with the matter-of-fact tolerance of their highly practical minds.

This is a matter of relevance, for Christianity, by instilling its wider ideas of human relations, and the principle of self-sacrifice for a cause, will intensify nationalistic ardour and correct the materialism of the Chinese mind. There is no particular prejudice against Christianity, and its Founder is an accepted sage. When the youngest son of Chang Tso-lin, ex-brigand and warlord of Manchuria, heard of his father's assassination, he said amid his tears : " Jesus may have been the best man who ever lived, but my father was the kindest." Chiang Kai-shek, the whole Soong family and Dr. Kung, Minister of Finance and head of the descendants of Confucius, are

Christians, and except for a certain suspicion of undue European sympathies, their conversion is not much handicap. Nationalism alone is not sufficient creed for the Chinese, as it is for extreme Nazis, but Communism is also seeking to fill the gap left by the breakdown of Chinese national pride, the decay of social customs and the disbelief in the gods. Communism has great qualities, and, if hideously cruel, it at least produces fanatics ready to give up life and property for a cause. Communism is deficient in the balance and the sanity of the older faiths, and will never appeal, in China, to more than a minority of discontented and outcast men and women.

The question still remains to be answered whether, despite all these stirrings in the land, China will be able to match herself against the armed might of Japan. No one cares to prophesy what will happen in China, that land of surprises, and it may be that she will tamely submit to Tokyo's demands. There are, however, many indications to the contrary. Even in Imperial days, when a land of illiterate peasants was ruled by immemorial customs, storms of patriotic fervour swept the country. The Taiping Rebellion of the sixties, crushed by the Ever Victorious Army of Ward and " Chinese " Gordon, sought the overthrow of the Manchus and the modernization of the land ; the Boxer Rising was given an anti-Foreign form, but it was fundamentally another struggle to restore China's greatness. In those times China was untouched by printing presses, now turning out millions of nationalistic books, in a new and simplified written language ; no loudspeakers then blazoned their messages from tea-houses and public buildings ; there had been no intensive propaganda by student agitators and no constant coming and going of troops bringing news of profound changes in China. The big towns, the great plains and the river valleys have been saturated since then with the story of China's wrongs, her past greatness and the promises of the New Life Movement. This has come to a people who have slowly learnt to doubt the wisdom of the past ; to a nation in mental turmoil, but ready to follow a bold lead. So much has been done in the past eleven years that it is terrible to think of failure at this stage. When the confusion was at its height, and the coolie armies of ambitious *condottieri* had bled the countryside for eight years, an English

author, Putnam Weale, published a book entitled "The Vanished Empire," half of it being a diary of the events of 1925, headed "The Battle That Has No End." It is a dreary record of indecisive civil war, of treachery and settlement schemes wrecked at the outset. Sun Yat-sen was dead, Wu Pei-fu's plans for Unification by Force had failed, Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian General, the Chinese Cromwell, had proved no better than the rest. When in March, 1926, Chiang Kai-shek led the National Army out of Canton only another civil war was foreseen. But he crushed the opposing warlords, his troops marched through to Pekin, and the Central Government was established at the ancient capital, Nanking. Chiang with a few well-trained divisions, backed by a small air force, had forged a weapon strong enough to put down rebellion. (The country was tired of civil war and his air force was to him what a train of artillery had been, long ago, to Henry VII. of England, in suppressing the turbulent barons).

To-day Japan is in a position to play the rôle of Assyria, but not that of Rome. The Chinese renaissance has gone too far. The Nanking Government may be overthrown and replaced by Japan's nominees, the land may be drenched in blood as it was by the Mongol conquerors, but Chinese Nationalism, fed by the tributaries of social, economic and religious change, by racial hatred and injured pride, cannot be buried underground like the Fleet Ditch ; it cannot even be canalized by military engineers. The stagnant lake that was Imperial China has burst its banks and spread over the plains and far up into the hills. Long ago European statesmen realized that these things would happen if China's integrity were not respected. Despite all lapses this principle has prevailed, and the land has been neither partitioned nor reduced to vassalage. Japan alone, seizing upon the war peril in Europe, has repaid the generosity of the West, shown in her own reconstruction under the Meiji Emperor, by seeking to plant the conqueror's foot upon the great and ancient people of China.

THE SEASIDE AND THE SEA.

By L. A. G. Strong.

" The sea, the sea, the salt sea unharvested : "
and
" This sea that bares her bosom to the moon : "
and
" The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores."
and
" Oh I do like to be beside the seaside !
Oh I do like to be beside the sea !
Where the nice girls stroll along the prom, prom, prom,
And the brass band goes tiddly-om-*pom*-POM . . ."

IT is a curious fact that, to nine Britons out of ten, it is this last version which appeals. Girls and proms and tiddly-om-pom is what the sea spells to them. The inhabitants of our sea-girt island, to whom the element is the source of all their glory, have little use for it in its native majesty. They prefer beach to rocks, and prom to both. They are not really happy until there is a pier. The sea itself serves to jump about in, when sufficiently shallow, and, when calm, to provide a " trip in the bay." In a word, it is a new background, unusual enough to make a holiday, but not so unusual as to ruffle composure, for urban or suburban pleasures. It is the seaside our rough islanders want, not the sea. The sea itself is incalculable, and needs watching. Where they cannot domesticate it, they let it alone.

This is a libel on youth, and on perhaps one-tenth of the population. Its truth as to the rest is demonstrated every August and September at a large number of " resorts," most of them upon the flattest and most unadventurous parts of the coast.

II.

I owe it, I suppose, to circumstance that I cannot imagine a summer holiday without the sea. Every summer, we went

over to my grandparents at what is now Dun Laoghaire, near Dublin, and I fished and swam and enjoyed all the glories of a coast that goes from sands at Merrion and Salthill to rocks at Dalkey and on to the long sweep of Shanganagh in Killiney Bay. So, from my most impressionable years, the two things were synonymous.

I have spent summers, or parts of summers, in a good many places since, as will appear from what follows. I have a good, broad, vulgar taste. I love Brighton—sometimes. I cannot think of any seaside or sea I have not enjoyed in one way or another. But my preference remains obstinate for the sea itself, as lonely and as unedited as it may possibly be found. The other places are drugs, amusements, fun-and-games, all very well in their fashion : but seaside, not sea. It is pointless to scorn them, as do so many of the elect one-tenth. They supply a huge demand, they give hundreds of thousands health and rest and pleasure. It is only when they are ignorantly spoken of as " the sea " that scorn is called for.

There are people who will wreck and urbanize anything. I have seen a whole house party, in one of the wildest parts of the West Highlands, reduced to anger and discomfort and the falsity of discord by one couple, who brought all London with them, and set about writing letters and postcards and clamouring for the nine o'clock news. The couple were not happy, any more than were their unwilling associates. Their error lay in going to the sea, instead of to the seaside.

III.

This summer—unmolested by any such exiles—we spent at that same house in the West Highlands. Here is a day of our last week. The weather, as so often by the sea, was bad. (The seaside generally contrives to be better behaved).

The morning broke clear, but unsettled. The wind was from the South-West, and there was a slight swell. The barometer was low. Nevertheless, as our time was so short, we decided on an expedition to the island of Luinga Mor, off the mouth of Arisaig Harbour. The boat was to go direct. The rest of the party, and the provisions, were to go by car to Ru Arisaig, whence the boat, having landed its passengers on the

island, would fetch them. The boat, with four miles to do, was to have an hour's start of the car, which had eight—the last four over an execrable surface.

We left for the boat soon after half-past ten, walking over field and sandhill to the tiny rocky harbour. The tide was low. Those who wanted to stay dryshod had to clamber out over slippery yellow weeds, balancing their possessions as best they could : for, under such a sky, oilskins and jerseys were only reasonable insurance.

Once aboard, and stowed to trim the boat, we were soon away. Ten minutes pulling brought us clear of the protection of Glas Eileann and its sisters, and we met a choppy sea and a breeze that made all but the two rowing glad of their jerseys. (Can one ever be too warmly clad on the water in this part of the world ? Especially at night ?) Then the sun struggled through a haze of cloud, scalding even our hardened skins, and emphasizing the uncertainty of our weather. The mountain wall inland was soft in outline, but its colouring was dark and aloof. Below it were spread out the white sands of Traigh, their pallor milky and mild in the odd light. A sparse cornfield or two on the slopes of the foothills stood out against the shadows at the base of the mountain, and the trees that crouched down, away to the left, looked solid and tight as little blue cabbages. Then, slowly, the sands fell back, and weedy yellow rocks filled the foreground.

After a mile, we began talking about Gaelic songs, and soon our boatman, who is an enthusiastic singer, was raising his high, hard tenor. A man of astonishing physique, apparently indifferent to any change of temperature, he seemed able to row and sing without the least distress.

" Do you know this one, Angus ? "

One of us would hum a phrase, and Angus, light breaking on his features, would continue the phrase, and give us as many verses as we wanted. He frowned once or twice at the versions of the airs we had : many of them have been perverted and regularised from their native austerity : but he knew them all, and his harsh voice, devoid of all a southern singer knows as " expression," drawing its colour from weather and country rather than from the emotional content of the song, and keeping

inflexibly to the beat, provided in these surroundings a musical experience that was unforgettable. So full of emotion are these songs, so sensitive to emotion are the people, that to sing them with dramatic feeling could not be borne. The high, harsh noise, nasal, ringing, more like a seabird's than a man's, is right.

The songs were of love and exile : most of them old, but several new.

" There was a man in A———, a postman. He lost his girl, and made this song."

Another told the sorrows of a man who had to leave his island home for the city of Glasgow.

" What does that word mean, Angus ? "

" It means "—with much wrinkling of the brow, in the effort of translation—" the green colour of the island under a mist."

All this an accompaniment to hard pulling, with only one pause, in the lee of a high rock, to light a cigarette and have a suggestion that we should try a certain channel effectively quashed by Angus, who knows the tricky coast in his sleep.

As we neared our destination, a suddenly pointed finger revealed what looked at first sight like a minor earthquake or crumbling of the rocks a couple of hundred yards to our right. As in Lord Dunsany's play, rock was undoubtedly walking. Then the walking part, with a familiar, rubbery motion, slid over the weed and plopped into the sea. A pause, and a dark swimming head appeared, raised from the glossy surface, and a third. Seals ! Angus uplifted his voice, but it was received with reserve. The figure in the bows, reclining on a coil of rope, sat up, reached forward, and opened a large black case. A minute later, the notes of an accordion brayed out from the boat. The rocks came alive everywhere, to left and right : the water was dotted with dark heads : and we had an escort for half a mile and more.

We reached Luinga in about an hour and twenty minutes, and landed, greeted by wild outcry from a score of gulls. The reasons were soon discovered : three or four grey fluffy babies, sitting as flat as they could on the water, against the surface of the rock, hoping they would not be seen. We left them strictly alone, but, during all the time the boat took to row to

the little pier, and return with the car party, throughout our lunch, and till we left, the idiotic parents and relations continued to fuss and screech and advertise to every possible enemy the presence of their babes.

All this time the sky had been marbling gradually, a grey film of cloud creeping and forming into scales like a gigantic fish's belly. Where we lay, in a heathery nook above the rocks, the weather came up behind us : and, soon after lunch, the first drops began to fall. Investigation showed the southwest blurred and grey. Ten minutes later, rain was falling steadily.

After a brief council, it was decided first of all to land my wife and five-year-old son and myself, with all provisions, baskets, accordion, etc., which could be stowed in an old boathouse by the pier. Hardy souls would row back in the boat, and the car would salvage the property and bring the rest of the party. Meanwhile, we three would walk the four miles to Arisaig, where we could get a car from the inn to take us home.

The rain was soft and steady, and at our backs, so that one could walk comfortably, with coat open. Progress was slow, owing to the shortness of five-year-old legs, but, along that lovely estuary, it was none the worse for that. And the five-year-old eyes were treated to two special sights which will probably be remembered for a lifetime. The first was when, close in shore, where the road ran beside the water, a seal appeared, not thirty yards from us, with a large pollack in his mouth. He surveyed us for a moment with friendly interest, then endeavoured to swallow the fish. This was difficult. He had caught it broadways on, and his only chance of swallowing it was to begin at the head or the tail. But it was a big fish, and struggling strongly : he dared not let it go. We watched while he worried it, as a dog might—still with two bright eyes fixed upon us. Then with utter soundlessness, leaving not a ripple, he ceased to exist : only to appear a few yards further on, still looking at us, and still gobbling ineffectively at his capture. A second disappearance : a flurry in the shallow water : and he popped up again, head tilted back, in an ecstasy of triumphant swallowing. The unequal fight was over.

The second sight came only a few minutes afterwards. An arrested movement made me look closely at the hillside opposite,

and there, red on the green, in magnificent immobility, a stag and two does stood regarding us. We stopped dead to watch them. For a couple of seconds they remained motionless. Then, the tension in our attitudes telling them that they were seen, they were off, sweeping effortlessly as shadows over the long curve of the hill, till the stag stood for a last indignant look back, his antlers silhouetted against the sky.

So, with setting and taking up of a long line, with raising and baiting of lobster pots, with lying in the hollows of the sandhills, walking among the peat cuts on the hills, ploughing in oilskins knee-deep through sopping heather and bracken, swimming in cold green water over sand half an hour before dinner (the best bathe of all), dining off flounders caught an hour before, and a host of other delights, can one spend one's days on the edge of the sea.

IV.

A few years ago, Ferring was a rather sleepy little village a few hundred yards from the sea. Now, there are next to no villagers, for their cottages have been bought to let at high rents in the summer months: and the land between village and sea is a mass of bungalows and summer houses, gay with coloured umbrellas and raucous with loud-speakers. The fields lie waste, infecting gardens and all else with thistledown. Though there is no pier, and the beach consists for the most part of mud and stones, Ferring is a fashionable watering-place. Its population wear trunks and sun-bathing costumes, for shopping and everything else. It is a tiny pleasure city, happy, insubstantial, nonchalant, and garish.

As such, it has its charm. On a warm, South-coast evening in July or August, with a breeze smelling of clover and dried grass, its lazy, relaxed life, the sunset glow, the sight of healthy and happy people in enjoyment of what they seek, has in it something of real mystery. Here is light, colour, and ease. But—what have these Maidenhead cushions, these ice-cream cones, these Thames valley amenities to do with the sea?

Maybe they have their uses. The sea at Brighton and Worthing, disenchanted though it be, served up to the holiday maker, like its own winkles, on a plate, is at least invigorating

and clean to bathe in. At Ferring, it is spiritless and muddy—or was so when I last was there. I have happy memories of that summer, when, like so many others, I sought health and found it: but the memories centre round the old house in the village where we stayed, and the garden with its hot scents and fallen apples, rather than the flaunting acres and the graceless shore.

V.

Teignmouth, besides sundry attractions of its own, shares with most seaside places in Devon and Cornwall one great virtue. It is unknown to fashion. Fashion seeks Torquay, sophistication Brixham or farther south. Teignmouth remains bourgeois and kindly. The prevailing accents on its little red beach are Devon and Brummagem: the papers hawked about it are the *Birmingham Post* and the native '*Erald*. It is a merry beach, seldom overcrowded, where one's neighbour will turn to one trustingly.

"Mind me bag, dearie, while I goes in for a dip? Then I'll mind yours."

This, to me at any rate, is the true spirit of holiday. If one must have seaside, instead of sea, here is the place to have it, with a friendly pier, with beach performers who are neither sophisticated nor many, with a warm sea to bathe in, good cheap tea-shops with Devonshire cream for your tea (Teignmouth is the cheapest place I have ever been in: you cannot spend money there, however hard you try), and, tucked away in a corner, the old town, and the ferry across to Shaldon, which is almost sea. Yes . . . If you must have seaside, then I commend this little warm Devon town to the discerning.

VI.

Keel Bay, Achill, in late October. A huge curving bay, its sands dotted in August but empty now, and receiving, in vast semi-circle, the slow Atlantic rollers that advance nobly inshore, then, instead of creaming into ease, curve and crash in sudden thunderous dissolution. The wind is blowing hard from the mountain. It whoops down to the sea, driving little hair-like streaks of sand, white and wavering, to our feet as we stand

near the wetted margin. Then, shooting out to sea, it blows back the hair of the angry breakers. A faint haze of spray dims the great outlines of the cliffs, and the tang of peat, borne down from the cottages, mingles oddly with the wild forlorn smell of the sea.

Newquay, where I am writing these lines, is also on the Atlantic. It possesses, with its neighbours Crantock, Pentire, and Watergate, some of the most magnificent sands in Britain, and has had the sense to let them alone. Crowded though it is, and narrow and ramshackle the town, the sands are so vast and pure that they absorb the crowds and reduce them to insignificance. Only the central, smaller beaches look crowded. Newquay has the air of being caught in two minds : aware that the majesty of the coast is its best asset, and so attempting no piers or pleasure boats, but lacking the sense to avoid messing up its cliffs with silly irrelevant buildings and staring hotels. There is a queer quality, a sort of innocence, about these West country resorts, which keeps them from the worst vulgarities ; and Newquay will probably escape serious desecration. Surf-bathing, its chief sport, has a purifying influence, and the power of the Atlantic, very real in the winter months, makes piers and such improbable. So that Newquay is both sea and seaside, the sea having come to terms with the holiday maker in a way I have not seen elsewhere.

We must not blame the holiday-maker. His instinct is sound —to get to the element that gives him health and his country meaning. His only trouble is that he does not know how to treat it when he gets there. Where it has a fair chance, the sea keeps him in his place. Where he can tame it, he brings his town or suburb with him, and plays hell : and all the sea can do, in these characterless places, is occasionally to fling a few tons of pebbles up in winter fury, and damage the pier or wreck the bungalows that will be restored in time for next summer's inroad.

PEACEFUL CHANGE.

By The Earl of Lytton.

THE subject of Peaceful Change was discussed at two International conferences during the Summer. At Bratislava in Czechoslovakia, it was one of many topics discussed by the XXIst. Plenary Congress of the Federation of League of Nations Societies. At Paris it was the exclusive subject of discussion at the International Studies Conference, held under the auspices of the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation of the League of Nations. The different treatment given to the subject by these two international gatherings affords an interesting study and indicates incidentally the inherent difficulty in evolving an effective procedure of change by legal rather than violent methods.

Peaceful Change is a conveniently compact phrase, to indicate the settlement by processes of law of all the disputes which may arise between nations from time to time. Indeed the compactness of the phrase was found to be so useful that it was employed by all the speakers at the Paris Conference even when they were speaking in French. These two words are practically untranslateable—the French equivalent—*Règlement pacifique des différends internationaux*—being too cumbersome for convenient use. Nor is the French phrase so comprehensive as the English one, in spite of its greater length. Peaceful Change means not only the settlement of disputes between nations by arbitral means, but the establishment of some legislative procedure for making and modifying existing International Law.

The new international system envisaged by the Covenant of the League of Nations has three main features, each of which is equally necessary, namely Disarmament (the limitation of armaments by international agreement), Collective Defence (the combined and simultaneous resistance of all the States Members to aggression upon any one) and Peaceful Change (the settlement of all disputes by peaceful means). These three features

are inter-dependent. Disarmament cannot be secured unless collective defence can be assured, and collective defence cannot be assured unless some agreed procedure is available for altering the *status quo* without resort to war. The history of the last eighteen years since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles has been a history of successive failures due to the attempts to realize each of these ideals separately. Collective security was the first object aimed at in the early days of the League, and it failed mainly owing to the refusal of the British Government to accept the Geneva Protocol of 1924, and the refusal of other countries to accept the British alternative of regional pacts on the Locarno model. This failure was in turn responsible for the abandonment of the second ideal and the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference; while the third objective, Peaceful Change, has never even been attempted. Article XIX. of the Covenant remains the mere expression of a desirable ideal, and no procedure for giving effect to it has even been discussed at Geneva. The reason for this is obvious. The League of Nations includes two groups of States which joined it for diametrically opposite reasons—the States which were victorious in the Great War and which look to the League to preserve the Treaty of Versailles intact, and the defeated States which look to the League to secure the alteration of those clauses of that Treaty to which they object. It was inevitable that even a discussion of any changes in the treaties of peace should be feared in the early days of the League's existence. But however wise it may have been to avoid this very controversial issue at the beginning, it is deplorable that even after the lapse of nearly twenty years no attempt should have been made to develop Article XIX. into some practical form, as this has created the impression that the League is only an alliance of certain European Powers to maintain unaltered a *status quo* which every year becomes increasingly unacceptable to other Powers.

The failure to afford any collective defence to China in 1931-2 or to Abyssinia in 1935, when these two States were made the victims of an external aggression, the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference followed by the secession of Germany from the League, and the failure of the League to develop any procedure of Peaceful Change under Article XIX. of the

Covenant have brought the whole League system into discredit, and today there is a marked and very regrettable tendency to ignore the League and resort to the old system of Power politics and *ad hoc* conferences of selected Powers as each new crisis develops. If the credit of the League is to be restored there must be a new attempt to revive the League system as a whole and develop its three objectives simultaneously instead of separately.

In the post-war years three international organisations have been established—the League of Nations which is composed of representatives of responsible Governments, the Federation of League of Nations Societies, composed of unofficial propaganda Societies, of which the League of Nations Union is the British contingent, and the International Studies Conference composed of research institutions of which the Institute of International Affairs at Chatham House is the British model. These organisations meet periodically and discuss current topics of international interest. The Federation meets annually. Its agenda includes a large number of topics, in fact all the burning questions of the day, and it debates and passes resolutions which have been drafted by its constituent national Societies. These resolutions are in turn forwarded by each delegation to its National Government. The Studies Conference is an activity of the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, and, as its name implies, aims rather at study and research than propaganda. Only one subject is chosen for each conference. This subject is studied by each national group in all its aspects for a period of two years, and a number of written documents are produced. The subject matter of these papers is then discussed at a Conference which is held biennially at some European capital. The written papers and a report of the discussion are made available to the members of the constituent institutes, but no resolutions are passed, and the proceedings are not communicated to any Government.

In 1935 the International Studies Conference met in London and discussed the subject of Collective Security. This discussion was marked by a large measure of agreement, the only dissentient element being supplied by the Italian delegates who developed the novel argument that collective action should be confined to the States of Europe in defence of the "Anti-European revolution" by which they were threatened. By

this strange phrase was apparently meant the menace to Europe of a black rising in Abyssinia! At the conclusion of this Conference it was felt that the subject most in need of scientific study was that of Peaceful Change, and that this very controversial subject could best be discussed by the professors and research students who composed the Conference, and who were less hampered by the political issues so embarrassing to responsible Governments. Accordingly this subject has been studied for the last two years and was discussed at the Conference which met in Paris from the 28th June to the 6th July. No Italian delegates were present at this Conference, and Germany was only represented by an observer.

It is not the least of the evils of dictatorships that the participation in international gatherings of countries governed by dictators is practically impossible. The men who are responsible for policy in those countries do not attend the sittings of the Council or Assembly of the League of Nations and are not therefore susceptible to the Geneva influence. Even their private citizens cannot attend as delegates of their country the sittings of international conferences, if the subjects discussed are likely to be embarrassing to their Governments.

The documents prepared for the Paris Conference were as voluminous as usual, but even these preliminary studies bore evidence of the delicacy of the subject, and the difficulty experienced in approaching it. There had from the first been a cleavage of opinion between those national groups which desired the discussion to be as comprehensive and concrete as possible, and those which desired it to be both limited and abstract. In all the preparatory meetings the first school of thought prevailed and the agenda was drafted on the broadest lines, but during the conference itself the view of the second school asserted itself, and it was only on rare occasions that the discussion approached the realities of the problem.

The subject was considered under five separate headings—procedure, demographic questions (that is to say the problems of surplus population, emigration and immigration) raw materials and markets, colonies and mandates, and the special problems of the Danubian States. There were two plenary sessions, one at the beginning and the other at the end of the

Conference, at which the whole subject of Peaceful Change was discussed in its broadest aspects, and between the two the five special features were considered at round table discussions of a more detailed character. Only in the case of raw materials was any real progress made. The round table discussion of this subject produced a practically unanimous conclusion that the real problem was not one of raw materials but of markets. The different national groups agreed that there was no shortage of raw materials in the world, and no tendency on the part of those countries that possessed them to keep them for their own use and prevent the countries that did not produce them from obtaining them. On the contrary, although most of the principal raw materials of the world are produced by only two or three countries (not always the same ones) the producing countries were only too anxious to sell their products to other countries which wanted to buy them. What prevented the so-called " have-not countries " from getting what they wanted was the fact that they did not possess the currency with which to buy them. The remedy therefore was not a redistribution of territories in which raw materials are produced, but a re-organization of international finance. The peaceful change required for this purpose was the rehabilitation of European commerce and finance and a willingness on the part of the countries concerned to modify their policies in conformity with economic requirements.

The same conclusion was found to be broadly applicable to the problem of colonies and mandated territories and also to that of minority populations. The remedy required was not the transfer of sovereignty or the shifting of boundaries which would only place the grievances complained of upon another set of shoulders, but a modification of political conditions so as to make it of less importance to the different populations on which side of a particular boundary-line they might chance to find themselves. In a world in which war is accepted as a likely contingency to be insured against strategic considerations are apt to be predominant. The desire for self-sufficiency in time of war leads to mutually antagonistic policies of economic nationalism and the maintenance of tariff boundaries, exchange restrictions, etc., which are burdensome and economically

unsound in times of peace. But, if the spectre of war could be laid and the policy of States based upon sound economic laws, it would in the course of time come to matter scarcely more on which side of a national boundary a man lived than it matters today to an Englishman whether he lives in Hertfordshire or Essex.

The general feeling at the end of the Conference was that the subject had proved more unsuitable than had been expected for scientific study, and it is unfortunate that more time was not given to a consideration of alternative procedures. The one round-table discussion which was held on this subject was extremely interesting and might well have been extended. This was, after all, the aspect of the problem of peaceful change which could best have been studied scientifically. Whether or not sovereign States can be persuaded to adjust their relations with each other and settle their differences by peaceful means instead of resorting to war is a political question and unsuited for scientific research. But what procedure is best suited to effect change peacefully *when* sovereign States are disposed to use it is a subject well worthy of objective study by lawyers, historians and research students. Yet on this subject no new light was thrown, no help afforded by the Paris Conference. After a week's debate Article XIX. of the Covenant remained as much an unclothed skeleton as before.

At Bratislava, on the other hand, some real progress was made with this aspect of the problem by the Conference of Propaganda Societies. Though the delegates which assembled at Bratislava were no more responsible than those which met at Paris, they were more accustomed to debating the various articles of the Covenant. They had studied for many years the course of international politics since the War and were acutely conscious of the weakness in the League system caused by the failure to evolve some practical procedure for modifying treaties and altering political conditions by agreement or by the processes of law. The settlement at the end of the War was an imposed settlement, and though it marked the end of the fighting it could not ensure an enduring peace so long as the defeated countries had no share in framing it. The resolutions passed at Bratislava were accordingly directed to this weakness in the

Covenant, and contained suggestions for making Article XIX. more effective.

Article XIX. runs as follows :—

> "The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world."

Nothing could be more vague or less suggestive of the means by which the inapplicability of treaties may be decided and their alteration affected or conditions which have become a danger to peace may be changed ! The first point to be decided is whether or not the unanimity rule is to be applicable to this article, and the second is how, if a decision may be taken by a majority, that decision is to be imposed upon an unwilling minority.

The Bratislava resolutions dealt with these two points as follows :—If a State Member of the League claims that a treaty has become inapplicable, or that any international condition has become so intolerable as to constitute a danger to the peace of the world, the Assembly may institute an enquiry by a majority vote—this being a matter of procedure governed by Article V. (2). If an enquiry is then instituted and a report issued by the enquiring body, the recommendation of that body should be subject to the voting conditions prescribed in Article XXVI. of the Covenant for the passing of Amendments. That is to say, it should require unanimity in the Council and a majority in the Assembly. But for this purpose the votes of States to which the recommendation is addressed should not be counted either in the Council or in the Assembly.

So far the suggested procedure is simple and might well be adopted, but it would not ensure that the recommended change would be effected if it were unacceptable to certain States the votes of which had not been recorded. The Bratislava Conference then directed its attention to the situation which would arise in such a case, and suggested a further procedure for bringing pressure upon a dissentient minority. The delegates realized that a sovereign State cannot be bound by a decision of the League to which it was not a party, and they accordingly

suggested a form of penalty which the League might impose with the object of securing the agreement of the dissentient State or States. They assumed the collective guarantees of defence assured by Article X. and XVI. to be effective and suggested that, in the event of a recommendation made by the enquiring body and approved by a majority of the League not being accepted by a Member State within a fixed period, the other Members should, in relation to that State, be released from their obligation to render assistance to it for the maintenance of a situation whose modification would thus have been recognised as necessary.

Whether these suggestions will prove to be practical or not, it must at least be admitted that they represent a considerable advance in thought towards the evolution of some practical procedure for making Article XIX. effective. It will be noticed that these proposals provide a further illustration of the inter-dependence of the three main features of the League system to which attention has already been called. The establishment of what is commonly called collective security is the corner-stone of the whole structure. If that is knocked out, the whole building must collapse. A limitation of national armaments by international agreement must remain an idle dream, unless for the security which some people still believe can be obtained by armaments is substituted a better security in the shape of collective guarantees of defence against attack. The fallacy of national armaments as a means of defence lies in the fact that such armaments are necessarily competitive. They only provide security to that nation which is more strongly armed than its neighbours, and the claim of any one nation to be stronger than all others must necessarily be contested by the others. Armaments which are justified internally as purely defensive are regarded externally as at least potentially aggressive, and as the scale of national armaments is forced ever higher and higher the general sense of security grows less and less. The system of collective security or pooled armaments to resist aggression is the only system which can offer security to all—the weak as well as the strong—the only system which claims no advantage for one country which is not conceded in equal measure to every other.

Just as this system cannot ever be established unless it is accompanied by an effective procedure for bringing about changes in the *status quo*, so also will it be impossible to make such a procedure operative unless it is accompanied by a system of collective defence. The object of the Covenant of the League of Nations is to substitute law for war in the settlement of international disputes, but no system of law can be maintained without the sanction of some force in the background, and those who think the League would be a more effective organ of conciliation if Articles X. and XVI. were omitted from the Covenant will find that the machinery of conciliation will always break down whenever the good offices of the League are refused by some powerful nation. The object of the system of collective security embodied in these Articles is to place force behind the law, and deprived of them the League of Nations would be a no better guarantee of peace than was the old Holy Alliance. Like any other human device, the Covenant must be modified from time to time in the light of experience, since change and development is the law of progress, but before the need for radical alteration can be proved the Covenant must be tried out in its entirety. It cannot be said to have failed as yet, as it has never yet been tried, and the attempt to put in practice any one of its three main principles without the others was doomed to failure, as the system was designed to operate as a whole.

What is required to remove the ever growing sense of insecurity in the world to-day is a sincere and concerted attempt to draw up a new peace treaty, not between victorious and defeated nations in a state of exhaustion after a devastating war, but between free sovereign States on a footing of equality with the sole object of securing not the prestige of any State or group of States, but the greatest happiness, prosperity and contentment of the peoples living within their borders which the knowledge and experience of Statesmen can devise. The main value of these periodical conferences of men and women, drawn from many nations, is to be found in the indications which they provide of the need for such a settlement, together with the tentative suggestions which they put forward of the subjects which require attention and the possible lines along which a comprehensive settlement may be reached.

SWITZERLAND AND DEMOCRACY

By William E. Rappard

FOR most members of the English-speaking community throughout the world, no doubt, Switzerland is primarily a playground. What interests them most about the Alpine republic is the state of the weather in summer, of the snow in winter and, in all seasons, the cost of transportation, the price of hotels and the rate of exchange between the pound sterling and the dollar on the one hand, and the Swiss franc on the other.

For the more thoughtful, however, Switzerland is also the home of a nation. And certain characteristics of that small, but peculiar, nation have struck the foreign traveller ever since the beginnings of the tourist traffic in the eighteenth century. The general standard of living seemed higher than in the surrounding countries, which was all the more surprising as it was obviously not based on any natural advantages of climate, soil or sub-soil. Furthermore, the people appeared to enjoy an appreciable degree of education, which seemed to account for the discrimination and independence they displayed in judging local and foreign events and institutions. To these features must be added the multi-lingual character of the population and the ancient republican tradition, which has been maintained uninterruptedly ever since the end of the Middle Ages. The question is whether Switzerland deserves the title of traditional home of democracy—the honour freely bestowed upon her by her politicians on all festive occasions. That claim needs to be examined, explained and qualified.*

If, by democracy, we mean a *régime* in which the people

*The author may perhaps be allowed to refer to his two recent works on the politics of Switzerland : *L'individu et l'Etat dans l'évolution constitutionnelle de la Suisse*, Zurich, 1936, and *The Government of Switzerland*, New York, 1936. The reader will find therein not only a fuller exposition of some of the views outlined in this brief article, but also copious bibliographies on the politics of past and present Switzerland.

rule, that is, in which the majority of the people freely choose and dismiss their rulers and approve or condemn the policies proposed by them, then Switzerland was certainly not a democracy prior to 1830.

Until then, the Swiss people had never been their own masters in the modern democratic sense of the term. To be sure, they were neither, as a national whole, under foreign rule nor, as local units, particularly dissatisfied with their traditional masters. But prior to 1798, large districts had for centuries been administered as subject provinces by some or all of the thirteen sovereign cantons. Moreover, in the latter, the countryside was generally governed by the capital cities, in which public authority was vested in a small number of privileged families. These families together enjoyed powers wider on the whole than those of an absolute monarch, since, by right of birth, their members possessed not only executive and legislative, but also complete judicial authority. The whole political structure, built up on a basis of military and economic power, rested on a tradition which, even if seldom challenged and though never supported by much actual force, was certainly not synonymous with expressed consent.

How is it, then, that, even before the nineteenth century, the Swiss should have been looked upon, if not as a democratic nation, at least as a body of particularly free citizens ?

The fact is undoubted, and its explanation is not difficult to discover.

In the first place, Switzerland owes her national independence to the successful resistance which the free peasants of the valleys surrounding the Lake of Lucerne offered the authority and the encroachments of the Hapsburgs at the end of the thirteenth century. Thus, from their very origin, national independence and civic freedom were, in Switzerland, closely related, even if not undistinguishable, ideals.

The reputation of the Swiss as a free, self-governing people, has, in the second place, been enhanced in the opinion of Europe by the fact that from the beginnings of their history the first three cantons which constituted the primitive nucleus of the Confederation, enjoyed institutions which were called democratic and which may truly be so considered. They have recognized

no authority superior to their *Landsgemeinde*, the periodic gathering of all male citizens, in which each has an equal vote. As for over five centuries, in these cantons, all magistrates have been annually elected and all laws regularly approved by the *Landsgemeinde*, they may well be held to be the cradle of European democracy.

To be sure, the political importance of the small and poor rural *Landsgemeinde* cantons was soon overshadowed by that of the aristocratic city states of Lucerne, Zurich and Berne, with whom they allied themselves in the course of the fourteenth century. To be sure also, the *Landsgemeinde* cantons themselves, by refusing full citizenship to the immigrants into their territory, by accepting the authority of a limited number of powerful families, whose control was facilitated by the lack of all secrecy inherent in the constitution itself, and by long opposing all progressive measures within their own territory as well as in the Confederation, have displayed a spirit very unlike, and indeed often consciously opposed to, that of modern democracy. But these facts, however, significant in themselves, did not prevent the ideas of Switzerland and democratic government from becoming and from remaining associated in the minds of most political observers.

Now in the eighteenth century, before the French Revolution, the ideas of republicanism and democracy were commonly identified. Most progressive reformers of the age were critical of the monarchical despotism which prevailed in the surrounding countries. Switzerland, although far from democratic, had never recognized the supreme authority of any kings. The plurality of her rulers, however autocratic, oligarchical and illiberal, made of her a republic or a confederacy of republics which, as such, was acclaimed as a more popular form of government than monarchy. Nor was this entirely an illusion. On the very eve of the French Revolution, when the urban aristocracies which ruled over the greater part of Switzerland had become more exclusive in composition and less liberal in spirit, than ever before, there obtained a far greater measure of local self-government in the cantons than in almost all other parts of Europe.

Then, again, the neutrality which Switzerland had been able

to maintain throughout most of the wars of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the state of internal contentment which prevailed throughout the country had allowed her to do without any standing armies. This also made her governments appear less oppressive to critics of the institutions of that time.

Finally—and as a result of all these conditions—there prevailed among the Swiss people a spirit of independence which impressed most foreign observers. Thus, one of the most intelligent of these observers, William Coxe, M.A., Rector of Bemerton, who had travelled extensively in Switzerland at the end of the *ancien régime*, wrote, after referring to the recent pacific history of the country :

> " The felicity of Switzerland, however, does not consist merely in this peculiar exemption from the miseries of war ; as there is no country in which happiness and content more universally prevails among the people. For, whether the government is aristocratical, democratical, or mixed ; a general spirit of liberty pervades and actuates the several constitutions : even the oligarchical states, which are usually the most tyrannical, are here peculiarly mild, and the property of the subject is in general securely guarded against every kind of violation."*

That, in spite of all these traits, Switzerland was not a modern democracy at the end of the eighteenth century was clearly shown by the attitude she adopted towards the French Revolution. Not her aristocratic governors only and the Swiss regiments which protected Louis XVI. against his revolted subjects, but the vast bulk of the Swiss people were bitterly critical and suspicious of the happenings in Paris long before the French armies invaded the country in 1798, to free them from their alleged tyrants. The moral and material sufferings which Switzerland endured during the dark period of French domination which followed have not yet been forgotten. Although rarely mentioned in public discussions today, their memory may perhaps help to explain the present attitude of the majority of the Swiss people towards Soviet Russia, the Spanish civil war and even the French Popular Front.

All revolutions abroad, when accompanied by active propaganda in Switzerland, arouse profound distrust in a people that has never forgotten the imposition by foreign force at the end of the eighteenth century of a system of representative

*William Coxe, *Travels in Switzerland*. 4th ed., London, 1801, vol. II., p. 423.

democratic government very similar to that which they have developed of their own free will in the course of the nineteenth century.

After the collapse of the Napoleonic *régime* in 1815, the traditional Swiss aristocracies, which had been overthrown by French revolutionary armies, were restored under the reactionary auspices of the Allied Governments. The beginnings of the national movement towards modern democracy in Switzerland date back to this period. The people, having tasted of liberty and equality, even though in the poisoned cups of foreign invasion, no longer submitted in passive contentment to the oligarchical rule of the privileged classes, whom they had for centuries obeyed.

From 1815 until 1830, the substitution of modern democratic for the existing traditional institutions became the goal of all popular leaders. Speaking, in the spring of 1830, at the annual gathering of the Helvetic Society, then one of the most active organs of public opinion, Judge Schinz, of Zurich, employing what was to become President Lincoln's famous formula of democracy, declared : " All Swiss governments must recognize that they are but governments of the people, by the people and for the people."*)

When the liberal revolutions broke out in Paris and in Brussels, in the Summer of the same year, and when it became apparent that the Powers of the Holy Alliance regarded as the guardians of the *régime* of the Restoration, were either unwilling or unable to defend it, the majority of the Swiss people also raised their voice in protest. In the course of a few months, in one canton after another, they demanded and peacefully obtained the abdication of their governments. All the former aristocracies and oligarchies were transformed into representative liberal democracies.

From then on until the present day, the evolution of democracy in Switzerland may be said to have gone through three successive stages, roughly dated as from 1830 to 1848, from 1848 to 1874, and from 1874 until today.

After 1830, the democratic spirit spread like wild-fire all over Switzerland, until, after a brief civil war, its main principles

*Karl Morell, *Die helvetische Gesellschaft*, Winterthur, 1863, p. 398.

were firmly embedded in the first federal Constitution, adopted in 1848. According to that Constitution, supreme authority, to be exercised by the federal legislative Assembly, was vested in the people and the cantons. No cantonal constitution was to be tolerated which did not provide for "representative or democratic" institutions, which meant democracy in its representative or direct—*Landsgemeinde*—form. No constitution, federal or cantonal, was to be held valid unless expressly approved by the people at the polls. All the Swiss were declared to be equal before the law and all hereditary and other privileges were abolished. Freedom of trade, residence, conscience and worship, of the press, of association and of petition were guaranteed to all.

The belief in the virtues of democracy, i.e., of political freedom and equality, was so absolute in 1848 that all forms of protectionism were condemned as being contrary not only to the constitutional provisions relating to the customs *régime*, but also to the fundamental principle of equality before the law.

After 1860, the initiative and referendum, i.e., direct democracy, exercised at the polls, were introduced first into several cantonal constitutions, and then, in 1874, in the revised federal Constitution as well. The adoption of this Constitution may be said to have marked the climax of democratic enthusiasm in the country. At the time of its drafting, the prevailing opinion was unreservedly favourable to the extension of the rights of the citizen. The broader and the more radical these rights, the more powerful and more immediate the influence of the people, it was felt, the better not only for all individuals, but also for the state as a whole.

Who had hitherto opposed the extension of democracy?

First, the privileged classes. They had been overwhelmed in 1830, and their exclusion from power had been accompanied by various social reforms which, even if they brought with them heavier taxation, had improved the lot of the common people.

Secondly, the Catholic clergy. The Constitution of 1848 had been adopted in the face of their bitter opposition. But the people had fully enjoyed the freedom of thought and of action with which it had endowed them.

Thirdly, the advocates of cantonal sovereignty. The Constitution of 1848, while emancipating the individual, had submitted the cantons to the will of the whole nation. This also was generally looked upon not only as intelligently progressive but also as truly patriotic.

Fourthly, and finally, the class of highly educated liberals, whose belief in government for the people was exclusive of any faith in government by the people. This *élite* of the *bourgeoisie* had done much to ensure the success of the Constitution of 1848, but they had not escaped the reputation of haughty condescension, the suspicion of partiality in favour of capitalistic interests and therefore the jealousy, envy and often the hostility of the masses.

As all the foes of democracy were consequently, in 1874, looked upon as the enemies of the people, the people demanded and obtained an extension of their democratic rights at the expense of their opponents. However, since 1874 and especially since the World War, a gradual change may be noted in the evolution towards ever greater democracy in Switzerland. Possibly, in the course of the last generation, a slight and hesitating reaction may even be said to have set in.

That change and that reaction, it would seem, were due fundamentally to the policies of ever-increasing state intervention, especially in the economic sphere, which democracy had itself fostered. The Constitution of 1848 had been the expression of an individualistic democracy which treasured economic liberalism no less highly than political liberalism. The people were to be the sole masters of the state and the state was to interfere as little as possible with the freedom of the people. Such had been the philosophy of the founders of the present *régime*.

Having become the sole masters of the State, the people, however, had not failed to use their newly acquired powers for purposes and by methods which had been openly deprecated in 1848. Not content to maintain the State as the guarantor of their security, they sought to make of it the instrument of their economic well-being. They accordingly more and more enlarged its functions, added to its budget and increased its powers, so that the great governmental machinery it has become today

is necessarily more and more escaping their direct control.

Thus political liberalism is being threatened by economic interventionism, and the rights of democracy itself encroached upon by the claims of its bureaucratic offspring.

In the era of economic liberalism which ended in 1874, the political parties were mainly the exponents of political ideals. In the social era which has succeeded it, especially since the World War, the federal government having become one of the principal distributors of the national income, the parties not unnaturally have tended to multiply and come to represent material interests more than political ideals. This has led to a weakening of the influence of democracy as exercised through parliamentary channels.

On the other hand, the ever-heavier duties imposed on the government, called upon to carry out policies of material welfare, have obliged it to assume powers which the people themselves can neither hope nor wish to control. In these days of managed currencies, of regulated foreign trade, of controlled exchanges, of subsidized agriculture, of State-relieved unemployment and of State-conducted propaganda and counter-propaganda, democracy can no longer play the part of the almighty sovereign for which its liberal parents had destined it.

The Swiss people, without perhaps fully realizing the true reason of their increasingly limited direct influence over their own political destinies, have been content to grant their chosen rulers the ever wider powers without which they obviously could not face the increased responsibilities placed upon them. Is it to be said, therefore, that Switzerland, has become untrue to her democratic ideals, and is headed for the haven of dictatorship? Not at all.

Under the rule of her democratic institutions—and indeed impelled by the oft-expressed will of her people—the Swiss Government, like other governments today, is committed to economic policies which call for a revision of past political methods and institutions. More or less consciously realizing that these methods and institutions are survivals of a more liberal age, but unable as yet to formulate a new constitutional programme, the Swiss people has agreed to "wait and see." Meanwhile they are tolerant of what, under less compelling

circumstances, they would deem intolerable violations of their democratic traditions. They are even submitting, nay often welcoming, police measures which tend to limit some of their hardly won constitutional rights, because they deem them necessary to combat subterraneous revolutionary propaganda, subsidized from outside. Their love of political liberty is none the less sincere because they refuse to sacrifice it to those who claim its protection in order the more promptly and the more effectively to abolish it.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the enactment of specific anti-communist laws in several Swiss cantons cannot be understood except as the expression of a profound hatred of political violence and of a deep-rooted love of political freedom. In no way should they be considered as concessions to the spirit of neighbouring dictatorships. Indeed, perhaps the most significant fact to be noted in any discussion of Switzerland's attitude *vis-à-vis* democracy today is her fundamental and well-nigh unanimous opposition to Fascism and all its doctrines.

Fascism is primarily political authority vested in one individual leader. The Swiss people have ever been hostile to one-man rule. Even before their conversion to modern democracy, they were republicans and the executive branch of their cantonal governments was always constituted by a council and never by a president or a governor. In 1848, the federal constitutional committee which proposed the bicameral legislative system, adopted in conscious imitation of the American Senate and House of Representatives, also considered the possibility of setting up some executive office similar to that of the President of the United States. It promptly dismissed the suggestion, however, and declared in its report :

> " The committee could not think of proposing the creation of an office so contrary to the ideas and habits of the Swiss people who might see therein evidence of a monarchical or dictatorial tendency. In Switzerland we are attached to councils. Our democratic feeling revolts against any exclusive personal preëminence."*

There is no reason to believe that Swiss opinion has appreciably changed in this respect in the course of the last century.

**Rapport de la Commission qui a élaboré le projet de Constitution fédéralé du 8 avril* 1848, Lausanne, 1848, p. 65.

Besides the exclusive authority of one leader, fascism is the denial of all constitutional liberties of the individual. Now, the love of personal freedom not less than that of political equality has characterized the evolution of Switzerland ever since 1830. It is hard to imagine that a people whose national spirit had even for centuries before been inspired by the ideals of William Tell, the hero of popular rights in the face of autocratic oppression, could today consent to sacrifice them on the altars of the newly established religion of the state.

Finally, fascism means complete national unity, achieved at the expense of all regional diversity and autonomy. Here again the antithesis is absolute between the centralized dictatorships and the Helvetic Confederation, whose cantons differ radically one from another in language, religious faith and history and are all jealous of their local autonomy.

When the Swiss discuss among themselves the future of their democratic institutions, as they frequently do in these troubled times, it is never with the intention of abolishing, but always with a view to improving them. The fascist and the communist fringes, whose numbers and influence are negligible in the country and whose combined representatives in the federal legislature can be counted on the fingers of one hand, take no part in these discussions.

The true problem which today confronts the Swiss, like all other civilized peoples, is the old question as to the best combination under modern circumstances of freedom and order. To this problem, thus formulated, neither the Communists nor the Fascists have any solution to offer. Both sacrifice freedom and both tend to set up an order which the Swiss people deem tolerable only in a prison.

The real solution would appear to lie in the direction of unburdening the state of those functions over which democracy can exercise no effective control and of so concentrating authority in the hands of a democratically chosen and democratically controlled government as to allow it effectively to carry out those duties of which no economic reform can relieve it.

Switzerland is too profoundly attached to political liberty not to love democracy. But she is too small, too weak and too poor to afford inefficiency. To make democracy efficient and efficiency democratic is therefore the task of tomorrow.

STEEL AND THE NATION.

By Jules Menken.

THE central economic problem of the modern world is the adjustment of relations between industry and society. The problem's innumerable ramifications can be reduced to the answers to half-a-dozen questions. How large shall any particular industry be and what proportion of the community's resources of men and material shall it contain? How can reasonable security of activity and employment be achieved while avoiding the paralysis of initiative, preventing the stagnation of enterprise, and maintaining the freshness and elasticity of dynamic development? Who shall control the industry, by what processes shall they be chosen, and who shall determine whether they have fulfilled their responsibilities? What objectives shall the industry, and those who direct it, take for their goal? How shall the product be divided between those who bear the responsibilities of management, those who provide the capital, and those who contribute their labour and skill?

Bitter experience has made the world somewhat sceptical of general systems of doctrine which purport to give a clear and comprehensive reply to these questions. Dictatorship has certainly not solved the problem, either in Russia or in the West. Whether capitalism under democracy can do better in the long run remains to be seen; but the hectic post-war boom and the Great Depression give ample warning that nominal adherence to *laissez-faire*, like patriotism, is not enough. Certainly, democracy in recent years has made many experimental departures from the technique of uncontrolled capitalism. To mention only a few examples, America has seen the New Deal, while in Britain coal, milk and beet-sugar schemes have been established and quasi-public bodies such as the B.B.C., the Central Electricity Board, the London Passenger Transport Board, and the state-aided Trading Estate system in the

depressed areas have been set up. The unfortunate fate of the New Deal does not augur well for methods making a new attack on so large a scale ; but the considerable success which most of the British experiments have enjoyed suggests that a piecemeal approach is more hopeful.

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Steel is another industry in which Britain has been experimenting for the past five years ; and the recent publication of the May Committee's Report* enables its problems and accomplishments to be reviewed.

For nearly fifteen years after the Great War, the iron and steel industry was one of the worst placed of Britain's industrial Cinderellas. Its record, though occasionally relieved by brief periods of partial prosperity or the exceptional success of specialized firms, was one of depression and gloom. Productive capacity had been greatly expanded during the War to cope with the nation's imperious demands for munitions and arms. After the peace that capacity was never used to the full and burdened its owners with heavy standing charges and high costs. The American steel industry, though never a major competitor, made gigantic strides in technology, methods and organization. On the Continent the French, Belgian and German industries were largely reconstructed in the decade following 1918. The causes of reconstruction were various ; its consequences were the same. The Continental steel industries emerged with works largely new, equipped with the most modern methods, exploiting to the full the great advantages of fuel economy, continuous production and large-scale plants, and capable of selling their products at favourable prices on the world market. British imports of foreign steel grew enormously ; and British steelmasters claimed, not without reason, that such excessive imports greatly increased the industry's difficulties. To its particular troubles were added the general burdens imposed by premature return to the gold standard, heavy social charges, and high costs of transport. All these causes combined to reduce profits severely. For over a decade losses of capital

* Report of the Import Duties Advisory Committee on the Present Position and Future Development of the Iron and Steel Industry. Cmd. 5507. Price 2s. 0d. nett.

were large, many great concerns paid no dividends on their ordinary capital, and some were forced to postpone payment on their prior charges as well. Financial weakness prevented the industry from obtaining the capital required to scrap surplus capacity, modernize old plant and lay down new. The vicious circle was complete ; and a protective tariff, which steel makers regarded as their one hope of breaking that circle, was barred to them by the nation's fiscal policy at the time.

The turning-point came in 1932 when the May Committee agreed to the imposition of heavy import duties on the industry's major products. In 1933 the beginnings of trade revival enlarged the demand for steel ; and from that time onwards the industry has not looked back.

A few figures tell the story of recovery. In 1913 Britain's steel output was $7\frac{1}{2}$ million tons. War demands raised this total to 9.7 million tons in 1917. After the war, production (apart from the exceptional years 1921 and 1926) usually ranged between 5 and 8 million tons. In 1929 it rose to 9.6 million tons, only to fall away with depression to $5\frac{1}{4}$ million tons in 1931 and 1932. By 1935 it had outstripped the war peak and exceeded $9\frac{3}{4}$ million tons. Last year added a further 2 million tons to this total ; and at present output is running at $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 13 million tons, figures never contemplated, much less hoped for, during the dark decade of the 'twenties. The production of pig-iron, influenced by technological changes which have reduced the part played by pig iron in steel-making and throughout industry generally, has moved along similar, though not parallel, lines.

The period of recovery, accompanied by better financial results, has enabled great improvements to be made in plant, equipment and organization. Existing works have been modernized, blast furnaces and steel furnaces enlarged, new coking plant installed, mechanization extended, and methods brought up-to-date. Some of these changes involve development on a major scale, as in the reconstruction of the Guest, Keen, Baldwin works at East Moor, Cardiff, which cost nearly £3,000,000. Others finish with the final scrapping of outworn plant and greater concentration of output in modernized works. All result in better practice and enlarged capacity.

Improvements have also taken the form of completely new works, such as those of Stewart's and Lloyd's at Corby, Lysaght's at Normanby Park, near Scunthorpe, and the Ebbw Vale scheme of Richard Thomas and Company. The final products that these works are severally designed to make are, of course, different; but their technical characteristics are common. All embody the most advanced principles of fuel economy. All involve the interlocking of processes and the balance of production. All proceed in one continuous flow from the raw material to the finished product. These general features are eloquently described by Sir William Firth, the Chairman of Richard Thomas and Co. During the Company's general meeting in July, 1937, he informed his shareholders that at the Ebbw Vale plant

> we shall assemble coal from our own nearby coal-mines, converting it into coke and by-products in our new coke ovens and by-product plant. We shall consume the coke in adjacent blast furnaces, where ore will be converted into hot pig metal, which will be transferred to the adjoining steel plant. The steel plant will be fuelled by gas drawn from the coke ovens and blast furnaces, and the hot pig metal will be converted into suitable steel which will be conveyed to the adjoining hot strip mill. There it will be rolled into steel strip and passed on to the nearby cold reduction mills, where it will be reduced and processed and transferred to the adjoining finishing departments. Thus we shall on the one site assemble raw coal and ore and in one continuous process, without intervening carriage, convert them into finished tinplates and sheets and other products of the highest quality.

These changes naturally have their reflection in greater technical efficiency. Between 1929 and 1936 the average output of pig-iron per furnace in blast increased by nearly half; fuel consumption per ton of pig-iron was reduced by an eighth; a much larger proportion of pig-iron is now used in a molten state instead of cold; the fuel required per ton of finished steel in the best and most integrated plants compares favourably with the best practice elsewhere; the average capacity of steel furnaces has been substantially increased; and output per worker is about a quarter higher. In addition, since the new works on the Northamptonshire-Lincolnshire ore-field use the basic Bessemer process, a serious gap in British steel technology has been filled. True, the May Report points out that certain further technical improvements still require immediate con-

sideration ; and they instance the need for more modern and larger blast furnaces and additional basic Bessemer plant. Moreover, technical leadership and efficiency are not maintained merely by achievement at a single point of time ; advancing technique and changing conditions compel constant adaptation to new requirements at home and abroad.

Organization has advanced both internally and externally. Internally, amalgamation and consolidation have brought the greater proportion of the country's steel output into a relatively small number of hands. Thus, in Scotland the trade is dominated by the great firm of Colville's, which has absorbed most of the other Scottish producers, is closely associated with the ship-building interests of Harland and Wolff and Sir James Lithgow, and has in hand a large programme of modernization and development. On the North-East Coast Dorman Long, the South Durham-Cargo Fleet group and Consett supply the bulk of the market. In Sheffield the English Steel Corporation and at Irlam the Lancashire Steel Corporation with their subsidiaries and associates are closely linked with the great shipbuilding, armament and railway carriage and waggon interests of Vickers-Armstrong—Cammell Laird—John Brown. Guest, Keen and Nettlefold are connected with Lysaght's in Lincolnshire and with Baldwin's in South Wales. Richard Thomas, Baldwin's and a third group dominate the South Wales tinplate trade. Stewart's and Lloyd's control 80 per cent. of the steel tube trade and are closely connected with the other important firms in this industry. The United Steel Companies, with works in Cumberland, Lincolnshire and Sheffield, make about one-seventh of the country's output of steel. Finally, a number of more specialized firms have outstanding positions in their own fields. Among them may be mentioned the Barrow Hæmatite Company on the North-West Coast as producers of high grade acid pig iron and steel ; John Summers as makers of steel and galvanized sheets ; and the Stanton and Staveley companies in the important cast-iron pipe trade.

The national organization of the iron and steel industry has also been immensely strengthened during the past five years. To this development the May Committee has made a substantial contribution. When the Committee agreed in March,

1932, that a measure of immediate protection was necessary, it stated that this alone " would not suffice to place the industry in a position to play its proper part in the national economy unless it were accompanied by a considerable measure of re-organization." In 1933 the industry decided to adapt and improve its existing national machinery. The numerous associations in the trade were grouped into a smaller number of effective instruments for controlling production in its main branches. The National Association of Iron and Steel Manufacturers was converted in April, 1934, into a new central organization with power " to support and co-ordinate the activities of the associations and to give effect to the will of the industry in matters of general policy extending beyond the sphere of any one association." This new central organization was named the British Iron and Steel Federation; and in 1935 Sir Andrew Duncan, previously head of the Central Electricity Board, was appointed its chairman. Among the first acts which showed the strength of the new Federation—when pursuing a policy that commanded the support both of its members and of the larger interest represented and safeguarded by the Import Duties Advisory Committee and the Government—was the conclusion of an agreement with the International Steel Cartel.

The history of British negotiations with that body, which represents the major steel interests of Continental Europe, had previously been a record of prolonged but impotent discussion. The new Federation negotiated under different conditions and with different results. By the summer of 1935 it had reached a very advantageous agreement with the Cartel which fixed a low quota for Continental imports into Britain and divided the world export market between the contracting countries on the basis of their 1934 participations. The Finance Act, 1936, gave statutory backing to this arrangement. Though not without its dangers and its very grave responsibilities, this situation, considered from the standpoint of the British steel industry alone, was stronger and more satisfactory than any position which the industry had occupied since the halcyon days of its unchallenged supremacy.

* * * * *

The policy pursued by the State since 1932 has thus promoted the formation within the Iron and Steel Industry of a comprehensive organization supreme at home and powerful abroad by virtue—in the May Committee's phrase—of "a quasi monopolistic position in the home market." Monopoly is always dangerous, potentially if not actually. From monopoly to exploitation is only a short step. In the wrong hands, guided by the wrong policy, monopoly can cloak laziness, conceal inefficiency, and foster extortion. The decisive question is whether the realities behind the forms are administered with the necessary sense of strong responsibility. In 1936 disappointment over the Jarrow project, which seemingly foundered on the narrow opposition of vested interests, brought general apprehension to a head and made essential a full enquiry into the steel industry's attitude towards its own problems and its relations with the community.

The May Report contains the results of that enquiry and is a State Paper of the first importance as regards British industrial policy as a whole. It is concerned less with the past and the present than with the future. Recognizing the grave economic and financial difficulties which beset the industry during the post-War decade and the individualistic tradition inherited from earlier days, its review of the important improvements in technique and equipment outlined in earlier paragraphs is reasonably reassuring. It pays tribute to the work done by the Federation and to the leadership of its Chairman. It draws from the experience of Jarrow the important conclusion that new projects should be reviewed by bodies charged with broader responsibilities, industrial and social, than those of the promoters.

As regards the future, the Report considers that

> the problem is to secure the systematic planning of the industry as a whole and the development and maintenance of internal co-ordination and co-operation, with the aid of a tariff so far as necessary and the continuance of international agreements, whilst at the same tine avoiding the evils of monopoly, safeguarding the public interests (in the widest sense of that term) and fostering efficiency.

In attacking this problem, the Committee

> start from two broad propositions. The first is that there cannot be a return to the unorganized conduct and almost casual development and the largely unrestricted competition at home and from abroad which characterized the industry until 1932; and the second is that the State cannot

divest itself of all responsibility as to the conduct of an industry so far-reaching in its scope, so vital to the national well-being, so largely dependent on State fiscal policy for its prosperity, and now being brought into a closely knit organization.

This approach leads the May Committee into a long and elaborate analysis of the principles appropriate to the industry's future. They may be summarized as follows :—

1. Orderly conduct and development of the industry demand the determination of an optimum productive capacity, both in total and by classes of product. Such an optimum must change from time to time with alterations in technique and demand ; but it is essential that, after fixing some margin to be filled by imports, there should be always available the balanced productive capacity needed to supply the country's requirements, leaving reasonable room for sudden increases but avoiding a large and burdensome excess of redundant plant. A necessary preliminary is to complete and keep up-to-date what might be called a Domesday Book of the industry—a comprehensive survey of plant, supply of raw materials, and distribution of products.

2. Comprehensive and well-organized sectional associations affiliated to the Steel Federation are essential.

3. Development should be regulated both negatively and positively. Negatively, the Federation should continue, as at present, to review all projects for reorganization, re-equipment and extension which would enlarge the productive capacity of the industry, with the object of avoiding redundancy and wasteful competition. Positively, it should survey existing facilities and encourage and promote expansion where needed to preserve full balance between the various sections of the trade and to ensure the highest efficiency.

4. The achievement and maintenance of efficiency involve not merely technical advance and suitable equipment but such other issues as integrated *versus* separate units, location in relation to materials and markets, and amalgamation. The Federation should continue its work in this field ; from which, together with the machinery now set up to control development, " a powerful stimulus " to co-operation should be provided. The maintenance of efficiency also requires that ample margins be set aside for depreciation and obsolescence

and that unduly large dividends should not be paid during exceptional prosperity. Research and standardization of sizes and qualities must, of course, also be encouraged.

5. "A policy of price regulation is inherent in the new organization of the industry." Prices must not be kept too low, or they prevent the maintenance of efficiency; nor yet too high, or they damage consumers and cripple exports. "A moderate and stable price policy" should be pursued, based on costs of production, and including delivery charges in a uniform national price so far as this is justified in practice by reasonable similarity in the costs of producers and reasonable proximity of consuming firms. A Central Stabilization Fund such as the industry is now raising by levy can be used to maintain high-cost producers as reserve plants for periods of large demand or to smooth out delivery charges in connection with schedule prices only if great care is taken to avoid subsidies to inefficient or badly placed works.

6. Price discrimination between different categories of consumers is sometimes justified; but quota schemes for producers are rarely warranted.

7. Transport and distribution charges should be economized "by the introduction of a more rational and efficient arrangement of production and distribution and the elimination of unnecessary carriage and handling. The competitive system hitherto in force inevitably involves much waste and overlapping which it should be possible for a properly organized industry to avoid."

8. The social consequences of mechanization and technological advance should be taken into account, and "in the review of any scheme of development, and especially one involving the transference or closing of works, consideration should be given to the social aspects, including the probable effects upon labour and upon the local government authorities."

9. An independent body, "acting solely in the public interest" and with "responsibilities wider than those devolving upon the Federation itself," should exist, review the Federation's conclusions on development schemes, and supervise price policy, certain aspects of price discrimination, and

quotas for producers—functions resting with the May Committee hitherto and now, at the Government's request, continuing there.

It will be seen that the principles laid down by the May Report for the steel industry's guidance in future incidentally answer most of the questions on the relations between industry and the community asked at the beginning of this article. Many of these principles raise matters of far-reaching controversy which cannot be explored here. Taken as a whole, they constitute in effect the democratic version of planning—a framework of control to be accepted voluntarily by individuals for their own and the general good. If broadly adopted by the industry, the severe task of applying them must now be faced. The scene will therefore shift from principles to action and from analysis to judgment. The British steel industry has already made great strides since it first began to emerge from the slough of loss and despond. It is to be hoped that it will traverse the next stage no less successfully. For, besides the effects its new course will have on its own fortunes, its experience should help to clear the thorny road along which the modern world must march to economic order.

NEW LIGHT ON LAUGHTER.

By William McDougall.

THE spectacle of a sane and sober human being suddenly convulsed with uncontrollable laughter is surely one of the most curious phenomena that this planet has to show. Imagine a Martian, a being intelligent and purposeful and in all respects like ourselves except that he and his fellows had been endowed with no power to laugh; imagine a Martian Lindbergh of interplanetary space stepping from his plane at the Croydon aerodrome, rejoicing to find himself welcomed by bipeds like himself who by their gestures show themselves to be friendly and rational. Try then to imagine his astonishment when, with one accord, all members of the group, suddenly losing all sanity, dignity and self-control, are seized with belly-shaking laughter and, with faces congested and contorted, limbs waving madly, bodies bending and rocking in all directions, emit a chorus of hideous howls and yelps. Would not our Martian be moved to leap into his plane, to brave again the lonely silence of infinite space in the hope of better luck at his next landing? No wonder that in all ages laughter has been regarded as a most intriguing riddle, a challenge to all philosophers, biologists, psychologists and moralists, a touchstone for all theories of human nature and human action, and, perhaps, a cue to the one true theory still awaiting formulation!

Many years ago, having occasion to write a short article *à propos* of James Sully's book on laughter, I made a revolutionary discovery. It appeared that, almost without exception, the many famous men who had attempted to answer the question—Why do we laugh?—had begun by accepting without examination the popular belief that we laugh because we are pleased, and had devoted their ingenuity to devising answers to the problem—what is it that pleases us in the object or situation that provokes our laughter? My discovery was that

this belief, firmly entrenched in popular tradition and uncritically accepted by the philosophers, is utterly fallacious. It followed that the first step towards a true theory of laughter must be to reject this hoary fallacy, and to approach with an open mind the old riddle—why do we laugh? And, since modern biology had presented us with a new key to many ancient riddles in the form of the Darwinian theory of evolution, it seemed the part of wisdom to begin by applying this key, denied to earlier gelastologists, and to ask at the outset—What is the function of laughter? What service does it render to individual, social group, or species? What benefit does it bring sufficient to endow it with survival-value, to give it an effective role in the struggle for life of the species *Homo Sapiens*?

For it was perfectly obvious that the capacity for laughter is a special endowment of the species, one of those propensities for particular modes of behaviour which, being innate and common to all members of the species, are commonly called instinctive. And the evolutionary theory had taught us to believe that such a complex propensity could become established in a species only if it were somehow useful, were capable in the long run of making the difference between success and failure, between life and death—had, in short, "survival-value." And the answer to this first question was not far to seek. It was embodied in popular speech and traditional wise saws: laughter does us good; makes us feel better; dispels depression; prevents our dwelling on gloomy thoughts and unpleasant incidents; in a word, makes us feel jolly. Further, because we all are liable to it on the same occasions and because it is so infectious, spreading by primitive sympathy from man to man, it makes us feel at one with our fellows, than which nothing is more conducive to happiness. Laughter, that is to say, produces pleasant euphoric effects throughout the organism and the social group, of the kind long recognized by such phrases as "laugh and grow fat."

It seemed obvious thereupon that if, when we laugh, we are pleased, our pleasure is not so much the cause as the consequence of our laughter. And a review of the types of occasions for laughter, the kind of things, incidents, encounters which, in being perceived or imagined, provoke laughter, clearly bore out

this first step towards a new theory of laughter. For what are these ridiculous things, these ludicrous situations and incidents? Are they not, all of them alike, essentially displeasing; misfits, mishaps, mistakes, minor accidents, trivial hurts, slips of tongue, of pen, of foot? Laughter, then, is a paradox; or rather, since it is active and powerful, a magician who converts painful impressions into occasions of pleasant stimulation, takes from our failures and mishaps their natural pain, whether it be the pain of our own failure or the sympathetic pain of another's failure, and converts it to something allied to joy, to jollity. This being so, the propensity to laughter, this internal transformer of pain to pleasure, clearly performed a most beneficial function for creatures such as primitive men must have been, creatures who, if they were to develop and enjoy all the benefits of social life first rendered possible by speech, were bound to be sympathetically responsive to one another, sharing by immediate reaction every emotion expressed by their fellows, and therefore liable to suffer all the pains and depressions, not only of their own failures and mishaps, but also those of their companions. For laughter exempted them from a thousand minor pains and their depressing consequences, while leaving them still capable of sympathizing with the major ills which call for active intervention, for co-operative effort to remove the cause or restore the sufferer.

Here, then, stood revealed the sufficient *raison d'être* of laughter, its biological service, the ground of its survival-value and, therefore, the ground of its evolution in the species into a delicately responsive all-powerful and universally possessed propensity. I wrote: "We have, then, these three facts (1) the things we laugh at are in themselves displeasing; (2) laughter disperses our attention; (3) laughter produces a stimulating and pleasant increase of the vital activities. When thus brought together, these facts irresistibly suggest the true theory of laughter, of its origin, nature and function; namely, man, being inevitably surrounded by depressing spectacles of sufferings, failures, disorders and incongruities, and sympathy being inwrought in the very basis of his constitution, the species has been endowed by beneficent Nature with the impulse to laugh at all spectacles of minor human suffering and ineptitude, in order

that the automatically determined activity of laughter may disperse our attention and, by its pleasant stimulating effect on the whole organism, may counteract and prevent the minor sympathetic reactions which, in virtue of their frequency, would seriously depress us if we did not laugh. These facts suggest a theory of the ludicrous the exact converse of that which we may call the pleasure-theory; they suggest that we laugh at the ludicrous, not because it is pleasing, but because it is painful or would be painful if we did not laugh."*

Having thus launched what I believed (and still believe) to be the true theory of laughter, I, being young and optimistic, supposed that the world would gratefully accept it as part of its growing store of truth; or at least would discuss it alongside the famous fantastic theories of elder date, such as Thomas Hobbes' theory of "sudden glory." But popular fallacies that have endured for thousands of years are not easily exposed or discarded: the world went on as before, producing a copious stream of books and articles, each seeking to explain how and why the things that make us laugh give us pleasure and thereby provoke our laughter.

But it seems that, as with other great discoveries, the time was not ripe for the truth; for nearly twenty years later Mr. Max Eastman independently repeated my discovery and expounded it in his *Sense of Humour*. Or, at least, he repeated the first and all-important step of my discovery, the rejection of the fallacy that we laugh because we are pleased, and the substitution of the alternative proposition, namely that we laugh at mildly unpleasant things because we are made that way. Now Mr. Eastman was no mere scientist; he had established his reputation as a literary man and, therefore, could speak with authority on any subject and especially on all questions concerning human nature; and it might have been supposed that his book would give the *coup de grâce* to the old fallacy. But no: again the world went on much as before, and Eastman's book made little more impression than the several articles in which I had repeated and developed the new theory.

More recently, Mr. Eastman, rightly sensing the situation, has returned to the attack; and this time has brought to bear with

* *Nature*, February, 1903.

gratifying success the major resources of the literary artist. He has spread upon his piece of scientific bread a very thick layer of literary jam ; and in this way has produced a book which has at once claimed its rightful place in the blessed community of " best sellers " and of recommended books of the month.* The jam consists of many very amusing stories and drawings, all skilfully interwoven with the thread of scientific argument. The latter consists mainly in a terrific and annihilating lambasting of the pleasure theory which for so long has stood in the way of all understanding of laughter.

It remains to be seen to what extent the new volume will shake and weaken the ancient fallacy. It is only too probable that most of its many readers will lick off the jam and leave the bread. The many appreciative reviews that have appeared go far to justify this gloomy prognostication. Most of the reviewers show high appreciation of the jam ; but those who have tasted the bread seem to think it poor stuff. It is possible that Eastman, if he had been bolder and had made his bread more substantial, might have had more success in gaining notice and appreciation of it.

The main defect of the book, scientifically and logically, is that the author balks at a difficulty which appears as soon as one has broken clear of the old view that laughter is the natural consequence and expression of pleasure, namely, the difficulty presented by the common belief that the smile and laughter are merely two stages or degrees of one phenomenon, or reaction, the smile being regarded as slight or incipient laughter. This, I say, is a difficulty : for this popular belief has much plausibility ; it is undeniable that smiling and laughter are very often closely associated in time, the one following closely upon the other or overlapping it and blending with it. And that the smile is the natural consequence and expression of pleasure can hardly be doubted. But, if this be true, and if the smile and the laugh are but the slighter and the fuller forms of the one reaction, it follows that laughter also must be the expression of pleasure. In short, here are three ancient beliefs that are accepted well-nigh universally ; and they hang closely together. This composite belief may be stated shortly as follows : pleasure

* The Enjoyment of Laughter, New York, 1936. London, 1937.

finds its natural expression in smiles and laughter which are the slighter and the more pronounced degrees of one and the same reaction. As we have seen, Eastman rejects the first of these three propositions, utterly smashing the proposition that laughter is the consequence and expression of pleasure; but he cannot bring himself to reject either of the other two. He thus stops short in an utterly untenable position; namely, the smile and the laugh, he maintains, are identical reactions differing only in degree, yet the smile is the expression of pleasure while laughter is not. There is a kind of doubled illogicality about this position of Eastman's. For, if smiling and laughing are but two degrees of one reaction and if smiling is the expression of pleasure, then laughter must be the expression of more pleasure; for it is undoubtedly the more energetic reaction of the two. Yet Eastman has brilliantly shown that laughter expresses no pleasure at all.

At the time of writing my first article on laughter I was acutely aware of this difficulty. I proposed to evade it by denying the identification of the smile with laughter; and I still hold that to be the true solution: for I find much to justify it in the natural history of smiles and laughter. Animals of many widely separated species may be said in the widest sense to smile, that is to express pleasure in some manner specific to their kind: the dog wags his tail, the horse nods his head, most species of the cat tribe purr, and some of them, like the leopard and the domestic cat, erect the tail in a vertical straight line with the tip bent over; various notes and movements of birds seem to have the same essentially expressive function; and such expressions of pleasure obviously have their social utility. On the other hand, with the doubtful exceptions of the chimpanzee and the gibbon, no animal can be said to laugh.

Eastman is not altogether unaware of the difficulty. He deals with it coyly in a footnote which I think must be supreme among footnotes in respect to the amount of illogicality compacted into it. He writes: "I must seriously draw Professor McDougall's attention to the movements of a dog's tail . . . It is a highly instructive process, and incidentally a persuasive answer to McDougall's contention that a smile is sharply different from a laugh." Thus Eastman asserts that the gentle

wagging of a dog's tail is a smile and that its violent wagging is laughter. Now, if this account of the dog's tail-wagging could somehow be shown to be true, and the identity of the smile with laughter thereby established (as Eastman here would have it) we should have to choose between two alternatives, either both the smile and the laugh are the natural consequence and expression of pleasure, or neither of them is. You cannot identify the smile and the laugh and yet maintain, as Eastman does, that the former expresses pleasure and the latter does not. Eastman fails to see that the argument which he brings against me in this footnote refutes his own best and brilliantly established contribution to the theory of laughter, namely, his refutation of the pleasure theory.

In my various essays on laughter I have argued that humour is something more and higher than the mere susceptibility to laughter at ludicrous objects and incidents. To deny this as Mr. Eastman virtually does is to degrade the word "humor," and again to obscure a challenging problem.

Humour, I have maintained, is, properly speaking, the power to laugh at one's own shortcomings and misfortunes. That it is different from and more than mere ready susceptibility to laugh at the funny incidents provided by the mishaps of other men is clearly shown by the many people who are ready laughers but have little or no humour, in that they cannot take lightly with laughter their own mishaps. Humour implies a certain facility in standing aside and looking at one's self as one looks at other men; and that facility is not an innate endowment; it comes in any considerable degree only through cultivation and is closely bound up with that highest of the intellectual functions, self-criticism and self-control.

Again I take exception on similar ground to Eastman's usage of the word "wit." To be intentionally funny or ludicrous is not, as he implies, to be witty. Nor does making a joke, practical or other, necessarily involve wit; though it is possible to joke, or to be funny or ludicrous, wittily. My point can best be briefly made by saying that Sir Arthur Eddington's book on *The Nature of the Physical World* is one of the wittiest books known to me; yet, though its wit gave me much pleasure and made me smile many times, I doubt that the book made me

laugh even once.

I conclude by pointing out a difficulty which Mr. Eastman's theory raises but which seems to escape his notice. Again and again Eastman insists that a playful attitude or mood is a precondition of laughter. But he never undertakes to explain or even to describe more nearly this alleged mood or attitude. I do not deny the mood ; but I suggest that the mood is the normal consequence, rather than a ground or necessary precondition, of laughter. It is the very nature and function of laughter to throw us into a jolly mood, so that laughter prepares the way for more laughter. But the jolly mood is not a necessary precondition of laughter. And I submit that a ludicrous spectacle does sometimes provoke us to laughter even when in gloomiest mood, and by so doing throws us (sometimes) into the playful mood. Does it not occur that we say : " I feel horribly gloomy today ; let's go to see Charlie Chaplin and have a good laugh ? "

It is a little discouraging that Mr. Eastman, who has the reputation of a very advanced thinker (so advanced that he expounds communism in its most objectionable form, namely Trotskyism) and who is the spearhead of science in its endeavour to enlighten a little the terminology of the men of letters, should prove to be so very conservative. Can it be that, in spite of much laughter, he is becoming middle-aged ? Or—worse still—*bourgeois* ? Perhaps, after all, there are limits to the tonic rejuvenating power of laughter. For undoubtedly Mr. Eastman is a great laugher, and a first-hand authority. I am enormously consoled to find myself in agreement with him on fundamentals ; and grateful to him for many laughs. I would not have ventured to disagree with him on secondary points, if I had not also considerable experience as both laugher and laughee. For although I have the misfortune to be a professor, and a professor of the most dismal of the sciences, and therefore, according to a literary tradition accepted by Mr. Eastman, incapable of genuine laughter, and though I must confess that as a young man I was too serious and, perhaps, too happy to laugh much, I can testify that during my later years I have lived almost continuously in an atmosphere frequently swept by gales of laughter and that, with increasing frequency, as the inevitable

tragedies accumulate about my path and my world disintegrates at accelerating speed, I am liable to be carried off my feet by these gales, a helpless and unresisting victim.

In spite of my minor disagreements with Mr. Eastman I am on his side, and I conclude by pointing out, as I did in my first article, that our joint theory in no wise invalidates the various theories of the social function of laughter, especially Professor Bergson's theory of the disciplinary function of laughter. Rather, in throwing light upon the ground of the universal dislike of being laughed at, a fact which Bergson's theory necessarily assumes, but leaves unexplained, it gives a firmer foundation to the social discipline theory.

I DIED YOUNG.

By Fred Urquhart.

IT is exactly ten years since I died. I cannot recollect the date to a day or an hour, but I remember the place perfectly.

Everything came back to me this morning when I read William Terry's article *The Art of Lewis Garrick* in this month's Review of Literature. His appreciation is so keen and his judgment of my work so sane that I can't resist the old temptation to write about it. For ten years I have successfully repressed that craving to express myself on paper, and Heaven knows I've been hard put to it sometimes not to write furious denunciations of the fools who have criticized me. Only through Marius Westersen could I answer them, and Marius, since he finished editing my letters and my Diary, has not written much of late. But this morning I feel that I can safely write everything, for I know that whatever I write will eventually be thrown in the fire.

Ten years ago I would no more have thought of burning anything that I wrote than I would have thought of murdering somebody. But as one of these has happened I see no reason why the other shouldn't happen too.

Terry begins his appreciation by bemoaning the loss that British literature sustained when I was killed in the Bavarian Alps ten years ago. He writes :

" Garrick was only twenty-six, but already he had published four novels and a volume of short stories that are regarded by the discerning as minor British classics. Since his death his Diary and his Letters have been published and these make plain that the Alpine tragedy only hastened a death that was destined to come before very long."

I laughed when I read that. For I once believed that, too. I believed I was consumptive. When I was seventeen or eigh-

teen I was quite certain that I would die young. I used to have fierce, gnawing pains in my chest, and they hurt when I coughed, so that I clutched my chest and gasped as if I were in agony. It is true that I had pains—I know now that they arose from indigestion contracted from sitting cramped-up for hours over my writing-desk—but the clutching at my chest and the gasps were purely theatrical. I didn't see any harm in acting like that, however. I believed it added colour to my personality, and I hoped that other people would picture me, as I so often pictured myself, as being like the young Keats or Thomas Chatterton.

Not that my condition could be put down to undernourishment. I had a comfortable private income and my home was quite unlike Chatterton's garret. But I had a romantic nature; I believed I was a genius. And as nearly all literary geniuses are consumptive or have to battle against some great disability I believed I was no exception. Whether the genius arose from my consumption or my consumption from the genius I was never quite able to determine. But whatever its source I never allowed myself to forget that I was afflicted by a deadly disease and that my span of life was limited. To this end I wrote furiously, determined to leave behind as much work as I could. Often I would rather have done something else: read another man's books or watched another man's plays. And very often I'd have given anything to laze dreamily and to allow my thoughts to flutter in and out of my brain like flies, not always exhorting myself to try to catch them and pin them down for posterity.

Posterity! How I honoured thee! I honoured thee so much that I kept a diary. As if I didn't have enough to occupy my attention with my novels and stories I must needs put another burden on my back—a burden that I knew I'd never have the pleasure of seeing in print. For, of course, I never expected to see my Diary published.

I won't bore you by quoting from it. You probably know it. It's sufficient to say that I confided everything to it. All my aches, doubts and fears were faithfully recorded. I was determined to give my biographers every facility in the delineation of my character and in the recording of the chief events of

my life. I spent such long periods in writing these self-revelations that it is a wonder I managed to write anything else.

Then my correspondence was a heavy task. It's true that I didn't receive a great many letters, and the time I spent in reading them was short. But I spent a lot of time answering them, for I wrote exceedingly long letters and I copied each of them into my note-books so that my literary executors would have no difficulty in compiling a collected edition of my letters. For, as I once noted in my Diary (page 303), after I'd spent a whole forenoon doing this and leaving no time for my imaginative work, I was afraid the recipients would not value my letters as much as I did, nor be as careful with them as I was with the letters I received.

When I couldn't get my novels to conform to my mind-picture I wrote about it in my Diary, too. In fact, sometimes I spent so much time trying to explain my inability to get the fullest artistic expression into certain of my works that by the time I turned again to my manuscript another idea had completely blotted all thought of the first from my head. This, of course, necessitated another page or so of self-analysis. It also accounted for the many masterpieces I began and abandoned after the first chapter. I didn't burn these efforts; I hadn't the heart to do so. They took up a vast amount of room, but what did that matter when I considered posterity! For posterity, I was certain, would go mad with joy when these manuscripts were discovered. So each was tied-up in damp-proof paper and labelled: title, date begun and date abandoned and signed Lewis Garrick, with the scrawling, whirling lines underneath, without which I allowed no signature to depart from me.

I was twenty-five when I met Ida Lawson. Up till then I had been too much enveloped by my work to give heed to any other distraction. Besides, the girls I knew were too much like myself to interest me: earnest young women who talked in hushed tones of the stream-of-consciousness, Gertrude Stein and the Woolfan method. But before Ida met me and I started to educate her she thought Italo Svevo was some secret Fascist society and she didn't know the difference between the styles of Naomi Mitchison and Ethel M. Dell—indeed she much

preferred the latter.

She puzzled me. She was the same age as myself, but she succeeded in looking as if she were fifteen and usually she behaved as if she were five. Her childishness amazed me. At that time I was preparing to publish my fourth novel. I was regarded as one of the most promising of the younger intellectuals, so it cannot be wondered at that my friends were astonished when I became engaged to Ida.

But, although she wasn't my style, she fascinated me—perhaps by this very strangeness. I neglected my work because of her. Even my Diary suffered. That in itself shows how badly I was smitten.

Ida made me go to dances, late parties and night clubs—places that I'd always hated. We fed the monkeys at the Zoo, and Ida shrieked with laughter when one of them stole my hat. With other young fools we played leap-frog along the pavement of Bond Street at three o'clock one morning. We played hide-and-seek in the British Museum—But why delve any deeper into the foolishness of the past? Enough to say that for three months I was her slave.

Then I became worried about my health. And it did not worry me in the way it worries most people. As I have said I'd decided when I was eighteen to die young, yet here I was at twenty-five no more like dying than I was like becoming the Emperor of China. No doubt I should have been delighted at this state of affairs. But I wasn't.

Ever since I had kept a diary I'd faithfully recorded every ache in the hope of showing posterity how courageous I was to write in the face of such suffering. It's true that I once consulted a doctor and he told me it was chronic indigestion, but I took care not to record that verdict. I always called it My Pain, and I hoped it was my lungs. By the time I was twenty-five, however, I'd regretfully come to the conclusion that the doctor was correct. Instead of fading away gracefully as I'd imagined so often it was my dreams of romantic death that were fading.

I was in a predicament. Was I destined to live a healthy life, married to Ida? Or was I to remain true to what I had written in my Diary?

Certainly, I was in love with Ida, for three months. After that her high-spirits and childishness palled. I became discontented. I longed for somebody with whom I could have a reasonably intelligent conversation—especially about my own work. Ida thought my novels and stories were "lousy." Her expression of disgust distressed me, but I became even more distressed when she began to give me what she said were suitable ideas for plots.

Terrified, I turned again to my Diary. It had just struck me what being engaged to Ida meant. Life was becoming a continual circus, a leaping from taxi to taxi, from the arms of one dancing-partner to the arms of another. I knew that I could never stand it. My nerves, my heart, my whole constitution—I simply couldn't stand the strain. It was imperative that I watch my health. I wasn't strong.

There was only one path in front of me. I must give up Ida. It wasn't fair to her to expect her to mate with a sick man. But when I sorrowfully tried to break the news to her, she didn't take it in the way I wanted her to take it.

She laughed !

"Consumption !" she said scornfully. "Don't make me laugh ! You're no more consumptive than I am."

And nothing that I said would make her break our engagement. I didn't know what to do, for by this time I was terrified of being married to her. My imagination was so strong that already it had precipitated me into the future and I heard the sneers of Ida's athletic friends and their thinly-veiled thrusts about my literary interests. And to have to endure the agony of being her partner in her childish pranks—No, three months of that was enough. More than enough.

The wedding was still two months ahead. I made up my mind to do something desperate, so I went off alone to the Bavarian Alps, to a little inn high up away from the ordinary tourist-infested haunts. "For my last bachelor holiday !" I said.

There amidst the quiet mountains I thought out my destiny. Bluntly it was a question of choosing between Ida and my Diary. And my Diary won.

Since I met Ida I'd written practically nothing. I was

creatively dead. (If you want a better understanding of how I felt, consult the passage about futility on page 505 of my Diary). And I knew that if I married Ida I'd remain like that. Away from her, however, in the peace of the Alpine village I felt again some stirring of my desire to create. It was very feeble—mere flutterings of my sense-cells—but definitely an urge to write. So to encourage these flutterings, to fan the flame, I started to read my Diary from the beginning. I'd started it when I was seventeen and already it consisted of six thick volumes filled with tiny handwriting. These volumes were so precious to me that I carried them wherever I went.

When I'd read through this record of my mental and physical adventures I was amazed. What a book ! What a masterpiece ! It was greater than Pepys, greater than Amiel. Here, whatever else I had written, I had truly contributed something that would enrich the literature of the world. By this work alone my name would go down into the archives of posterity. " This marvellous record of a youthful poet and idealist, pain-crazed but courageous, determined no matter how much his body suffered, to write down what he believed was his message to humanity." (See Marius Westersen's Introduction to The Diary).

I could have wept when I finished reading it. I was so carried away by its beauty that I forgot for the moment that it was myself I was reading about.

But realization swept over me like volcanic lava. Realization that the picture I had built up was a false one. It was impossible that the story should end as it was destined to end. I wasn't dying. I was horribly healthy. And I was going to marry a horribly healthy woman. And breed horribly healthy children.

Could I spoil this thing of beauty, this frail passionate poem, by writing in it of teething infants and matrimonial quarrels about hard-boiled eggs ? No ! No ! God forbid that I do that ! The Diary must end here or hereabouts on a note of tragic despair.

But how ? I couldn't abandon it, for if I had a long healthy life milestoned by numerous novels and short stories (impossible though that would probably be with Ida as my wife) posterity would see that I wasn't the weak-bodied but strong-willed

character my Diary showed me to be. Posterity would despise me and call me a fraud.

The thought came to me that I could burn it. After all, nobody knew of its existence. But I shrank from that. The labour of nine years and such a masterpiece. . . . .

The only way out was death.

I wasn't very much afraid of dying. Indeed I preferred death to marriage with Ida. But I shrank from suicide as suicide. The world is so peculiar about these things. Besides, suicide would detract from the bravery of the diarist—it would be an artistic *faux pas*.

It would need to be an accident. But first I had to prepare the way for that.

I had five weeks left before I needed to return to London and my wedding. So in that time I wrote every day to Ida—long, ardent love-letters. I won't quote from them. You can read them on pages 211—307 of my Collected Letters. They are poignant documents, lyrical and passionate with love. Yet over each broods my dark fears for my health. Again and again I ask her if she thought it wise to marry a man so burdened with illness. Was it wise for a healthy girl like herself to marry a weakling ? God knows, I vow, I didn't want to give her up : I loved her. But I loved her too well to make her future life a life of misery.

Ida's letters were short and blunt. She said I was nutty or words to that effect. I took no notice of her remarks in my answers and I burned all her letters.

My daily entries in my Diary were superb. I was ill, terribly ill, but I prayed that I would get better soon ; I hoped that my marriage with Ida would make me whole again. But here and there pessimistic notes crept into my courageous hopes for the future. Sometimes, I said, I had an overwhelming foreboding that I'd never see the happiness my soul craved for.

Three weeks before my wedding-date I made what I intended to be the last entry in my Diary—a lovely piece of writing (see page 710), noting my hollow chest and the frequent spells of giddiness that came over me when walking, but ending on a cheerful, optimistic note, trusting that I would soon find peace in my lover's arms.

I laid down my pen, conscious that I had completed a masterpiece. That was the perfect ending. Posterity would finish it with a sigh, thinking : Poor young man! Poor Lewis Garrick! He never found his happiness. The gods loved him and he died young. He fell over a cliff when one of his dizzy spells came over him.

Posterity would appreciate the beauty of this modern love-story. Posterity . . . . It suddenly occurred to me that it wouldn't be posterity who would read this record, it would be my own generation, people I knew. What would they think of my Diary ? Many of my famous contemporaries were mentioned in it. How would they feel about it ?

For the first time it struck me that I'd never know how people would receive this masterpiece that had cost me so many long and heartbreaking hours. I wouldn't be able to read the reviews and paste them in my press-cutting album. I'd never know if they received my soul-searching analysis with laughter or if they appreciated it as the masterpiece it undoubtedly was.

I couldn't die. I must see my Diary published. But how to accomplish that ? As long as I lived it would never be published. . . . .

I'd need to fake my death. The suicide that was not to appear a suicide was out of the question, therefore.

But, if I faked my death successfully, how was I going to live to read about it ? I would have no money.

I dismissed the idea of working. That would be carrying the joke too far. Besides, if I were to die there would need to be a body.

After two days of intense thought I made a will leaving half of my fortune to Ida and half to " my dear friend, Marius Westersen commissioning him to be my literary executor and trusting that he would use his own judgment as regards the publication of whatever writings I left behind me in manuscript." I dated this will two months back. Then I sent a telegram to Marius, asking him to come to Glaudersheim.

I had nothing against Marius. Indeed I was very fond of him. We had been friends since we were at school together. But he was the only person who fitted in with my plans. We were the same age and the same height and our colouring was

he same ; at school we had often been mistaken for brothers. Marius was a writer, too. He lived in a god-forsaken village in the Pyrenees, where he subsisted on a small income and what he made from his literary work—not very much, I'm afraid ; for up to the time when he edited the Diary and Letters of Lewis Garrick he was practically unknown. Living in that tiny village he came in contact with nobody who knew either him or Lewis Garrick. He did all his correspondence on a battered old typewriter, and his signature was ridiculously easy to forge. That was a most important point. Looking back, I'm amazed at the ease with which I accomplished it. Everything fell into place as if it had been specially contrived by the writer of a detective story. It was as if the gods really did love me and wanted me to die young.

Marius came immediately he got my wire. He was very concerned about me. " My dear fellow," he said, " You should be in bed. Those giddy spells you speak of are dangerous. Especially in a place like this where there are so many heights."

I laughed and said I'd soon be all right again. I said it was more because I wanted his company than because I needed a nurse that I'd sent for him.

During the three days we were together I polished my plans to perfection.

On the third day we went for a walk together. And it was a simple enough matter to call him to admire an extremely beautiful flower at the edge of the cliff and then to give him a push.

By the time I got down to him he was quite dead. I undressed him. I was taking no chances, so I stripped him to the skin. Then I changed into his clothes. After re-dressing him (it was a much more difficult job than I'd anticipated) I carefully examined everything about him and saw that the unposted letter to Ida was in his pocket. And then I picked up a boulder and smashed his face to pulp.

I was annoyed at being so sick, for it was almost half-an-hour before I felt well enough to make-up my face with the small packet of grease-paint I'd brought with me. But eventually I managed to do so ; well enough, I thought, to convince the local police and the old Frau at the inn that I was Herr Westersen.

It was just as well that they hadn't come into close contact with him.

It was only then that the awful realization came to me. I'd forgotten that Marius was one of the beneficiaries in my will. Marius was poor; Marius was unknown. Would people not jump at once to the inevitable conclusion?

I suffered agonies during the next half-hour. My thoughts ran in and out of my head like rabbits in a warren. I knew that whatever conclusion I reached I'd need to reach it quickly. And, terrified, I was on the point of climbing to the cliff-top and jumping over beside poor Lewis when, once again, the gods were kind.

They sent the avalanche. The kind gods. Though I cursed them as I ran terror-stricken before the surging sea of stones. To have endured so much and then to end like this. . . . .

But the gods knew better. They knocked me down and stunned me. When I came to I was in Marius' bedroom at the inn. I remained there too ill and grief-stricken to move, for a fortnight. During that time Lewis' body was dug-out and what was left of it was cremated. The blood-stained letter to Ida was handed to me and I sent it to her with a letter of sympathy.

When I recovered and had attended the inquest I returned to the village in the Pyrenees. Those friendly peasants whom I didn't recognize at first, said that the shock had unbalanced Monsieur Westersen and that he was greatly changed. Somehow or other I couldn't become as friendly with them as I had once been. I became more and more of a recluse, spending my time in editing the posthumous papers of Lewis Garrick and in writing my Diary. This Diary is now my sole literary task. I am unable to summon strength for anything else; I am ravaged by consumption and I realize that it won't be long before I die, too, before I am one with Byron and Shelley and Lewis Garrick.

I suppose I'd better burn this. . . . . Or should I? Would it not be amusing to leave it for posterity as an introduction to the Diary of Marius Westersen?

INSIDE GERMANY.

By N. P. Macdonald.

THE National Socialist Party is divided into the political branch and that composed of the Storm Troops, Black Guards and motorized units. The political branch numbers 2,800,000, while there are 2,000,000 Storm Troops, 170,000 Black Guards, and 600,000 men in the Motor Corps. Given such vast numbers, it is not surprising that the hold of the party on Germany is becoming increasingly strong.

Much has been written of the measures by which the Nazi party retain their hold over Germany, the *Blockwarten* (house-wardens), voluminous *dossiers* at every party headquarters, the employment of party spies in all restaurants and the gag on the Press and all expressions of opinion. Such measures, however, cannot be entirely understood without a consideration of the men who put them into effect, the men who form the new aristocracy of Germany.

The enthusiasm of the Nazi party officials varies greatly according to the parts of Germany to which they belong. East Prussia, for example, is very lukewarm in the National Socialist cause, while Franconia, under the aegis of Julius Streicher, is the reverse. In Berlin and Munich, the one the capital of the *Reich* and the other of the movement, party circles are riddled with intrigue and bitterness. The writer himself heard much of the interdepartmental jealousy which is so widespread a feature of political life in the Third Reich; party officials made complaints to him about their colleagues, and about men in other government departments, which were nothing short of astounding, bearing in mind the "unity" which, the Nazis claim, exists within their ranks.

One feature of the present régime in Germany is the enormous number of men which it has brought to the fore and placed in responsible positions, although they were, in most cases, without

any kind of political training. Such a result of revolution is not uncommon, but in Germany, with the innate love of display peculiar to that country, it has led to great extravagance. Young men holding some small post in the party at once assume the right to drive about in enormous Mercedes cars, to the great disgust of Berlin taxi-drivers, one of whom complained to the writer that so many official cars on the streets slowed down traffic considerably. " It was better in old Hindenburg's time," he said, " he used an old high Mercedes, and there were not nearly so many government cars on the streets." On commenting on these large cars to a Nazi official, the writer was told that so large a number were in use to assist the German motor industry.

The mode of living of many party functionaries is on a par with their cars. Officially no member of the party may receive a salary greater than 1,000 marks a month, but in fact many allowances are made " for expenses." Elaborate receptions, and the adoption of a higher standard of living than many of them have been accustomed to, has been the inevitable result. Some of the receptions given to guests at the Olympic Games in Berlin were outstanding for their entire lack of any recognition of the " Socialist " part of the Nazi programme. A large car was the prize in a competition which contributed to the success of a reception given by one well-known German Minister, whose guests were shown round his opulent residence by powdered and bewigged footmen in knee-breeches, and silk stockings.

Such a state of affairs leads inevitably to corruption in high places. The ex-*Gauleiter* of Brandenburg was the centre of much scandalous gossip before he was finally degraded last year, after it had been found that he was responsible for defalcations in the party funds under his control. Yet, although he was removed from his post, he was not expelled from the party, treatment which contrasted unfavourably with that accorded to two minor members of the party whom the writer interviewed in prison. One of these was serving a sentence of six months for being in " illegal " possession of arms, the other eighteen months for embezzling the equivalent of ten shillings from local party funds. Both had been expelled from the party.

But, if officials in Berlin and Munich are unsatisfactory, their colleagues in the provinces are the reverse. Most of the latter are enthusiastic over the future of National Socialist Germany, and go about their various tasks with a greater singleness of purpose than can be hoped for in the Wilhelmstrasse or the Brown House. There is less class distinction here, too; the writer met, amongst others, two very efficient propaganda officials, one of whom had formerly been a chemist and the other a plumber. They earned an average of 425 marks a month, compared with the 1,000 marks of Berlin and Munich.

There is more enthusiasm in the provinces because there is less jealousy and less intrigue in party circles. In the capital there is continual bickering, which leads to discontent; such manifestations are not encouraged, and disaffected party officials have been confined in Dachau, although the ostensible cause for their incarceration has been announced as immorality. Throughout Germany there are special courts for dealing with offences by party members, whose daily activities are supervised by the Secret Police, who have a special department for the purpose. Three degrees of punishment are known in these courts, of which the general public in the Third Reich never hears; warnings, fines and exclusion from the party are the sentences imposed, the last-named generally meaning a concentration camp or death. Revolvers are often left lying near party officials who have been expelled; death is said to be the most honourable way out. "Shot while trying to escape" is a favourite comment on the sudden death of some Nazi veteran. Many old members of the party, dissatisfied with the non-fulfilment of the party programme after 1933, have been disposed of in this way.

The younger members of the party, and those who will later step into their shoes, are the cause of much criticism both inside and outside the ranks. The Hitler Youth, although ostensibly non-political, has talks on Nazi policy as one of the most important features in its camps; at a later stage, in the political schools which have been set up all over the country, the future rulers of Germany are given intensive instruction in all branches of the National Socialist philosophy of life.

These schools are luxuriously equipped ; lounges, music rooms, libraries, canteens, gymnasia are all fitted with the latest furnishings ; wireless is laid on in every room, including the dormitories, the cooking is done by electricity, and special 'buses are provided to take the students to the nearest town when they require recreation. As a result of this infusion of Nazi politics, it is not surprising that many of the products of such an educational system consider themselves apart from, and above, the average man and woman in Germany. This was reflected in a comment made to the writer by a young Nazi, who, in reply to a criticism of the elaborate buildings which the party found it necessary to erect, said : " But the buildings are an essential part of our philosophy ; you say, ' Why don't you give the people bread first and the buildings afterwards ? ' but we believe in giving them ideals before bread."

As the ideals of the Nazi party are so often a cloak for other and less worthy pursuits, this " ideals before bread " policy has led to an amount of discontent in Germany which is rapidly on the increase, and crystallizing into three main centres of opposition to the *régime*, the army, the Churches, and that part of middle and lower class opinion which formerly subscribed to the tenets of Social Democracy or Communism.

The army is the least " Nazified " of the German armed forces. The air force, largely the creation of General Göring, is gradually being brought under army influence, but the navy remains as politically uncertain as it was in the last days of the monarchy nineteen years ago. The chief objection of the army to the present *régime* is the constant emphasis of the latter on the fact that in the new Germany youth must be led by youth. Army circles maintain that the experience of age cannot altogether be discounted, and they are condemned as " reactionary " by party officials in consequence. Such a circumstance is not surprising, for the army, most of whose officers have travelled abroad, is more cosmopolitan in its outlook than the Nazis ; not least it constitutes the most stable force in Germany to-day, a fact which the party knows and resents. The army, however, cares little for the feelings of the party ; the Hitler salute is not in evidence at the War Office in Berlin, where Colonel Duesterberg, *quondam*

ader of the ill-fated *Stahlhelm*, is employed, much to the isgust of the Nazis, who sent him to the prison from which he as rescued by the military authorities. The latter also isisted that the four S.S. murderers of General von Schleicher, on une 30, 1934, should themselves be shot " for having made a istake."

The Churches, both Protestant and Catholic, distrust the ncreasing tendency of the Nazis to ridicule all forms of religion ther than those which conform absolutely with their tenets. ertainly they have to suffer much. *Der Stürmer*, *Das Schwarze Corps*, *Die Bewegung*, *Nordland*, are a few of the party's official ublications which pour scorn on religion; Storm Troops ander round churches wearing their caps; in Silesia the azis have built an open-air theatre to distract those visiting nearby place of pilgrimage. Religious youth movements ave been crushed by Herr Baldur von Schirach, who told the riter that it was his aim to incorporate all young people in ermany in the Hitler Youth. Slanders on Bishops and lesser ignitaries of the Catholic Church are shamelessly spread by ne Nazis, whose case is ostensibly supported by the frequent rrests of members of religious orders on charges of "immorality." he writer saw some of these unfortunate men in prison in the hineland; in a building accommodating 300 prisoners, half is number were accused lay brothers.

The Nazis say that the Churches never championed the ause of religion against the Communists before 1933, and nat now they have political peace they are taking advantage f the fact to stir up trouble. One young Nazi told the writer nat his party did not believe in a Universal God. " I believe God because I think each country has its own manifestation f God," he said, " We Germans have God in one form, you in ritain have Him in another. In this way we feel a more ational interest in our religion than if the God we worshipped ere a Universal Being." Another Nazi was dissatisfied with ne Protestant Churches. " They say their leader is Christ," e said, " but we insist that their leader is the *Führer* and no her." The Catholic Church is suspected of coveting temporal fluence. " They forget that these are not the days of the oly Roman Empire," said one zealous official to the writer,

" We are at the same stage in our religious history in Germany as you were in England in the sixteenth century. Like Henry VIII. we are determined to curb the temporal influence of the Pope." A further cause of hate between the Nazis and the Catholics is the fact that the former accuse the latter of being the cause of Austria's continued political separation from the Fatherland.

The third centre of opposition, the middle and lower classes, is not only the strongest, but also the most rapidly increasing. They resent the stranglehold of the Nazis on contemporary Germany, and the continual placing of party before national interests. Many party proclamations are headed : " *Parteigenossen ! Volksgenossen !* " The order of words is significant. The fact that no official post will in future be open to anyone not formerly a member of the Hitler Youth has aroused widespread resentment.

The large staffs and larger buildings, and the widely-flung organisation of the party costs a great deal of money, the source of which is a constant mystery and irritation to the Germans. The party publishes no accounts, which may be just as well, as questions about large official cars, and elaborate receptions given by Nazi leaders, would not be welcome. " Who pays for all these things ? " is the question constantly to be heard in Germany, and the reply of the wags, " The Winter Help Fund " is not very satisfying. The profligate habits of some high officials calls forth incisive comments from non-Nazis. " The Government are more Nationalist than Socialist," one man, a Socialist, remarked to the writer, " they talk of wages not being raised, and of guns before butter, and they pour money away like water on themselves and their buildings. We would like to know where the bills for the new motor-roads are."

To those who imagine that the coming of National Socialism, in the words of Dr. Goebbels at Nuremberg last year, " burned out the Bolshevist pest in Germany .... there is not a trace of it left in the country," it will be surprising that, on the admission of a Nazi official to the writer, there are still over 1,000,000 known Communists in Germany. Hamburg is strongly Communist, whilst inside Krupps' works the writer saw written freshly on a wall the Hitler Youth motto " *Uns*

ehört die Zukunft"—"To us belongs the future"—with a hammer and sickle below. The army has a number of Communists in its ranks. They do not object to the army for two reasons; they know that in Staff circles there is a desire for closer friendship with Russia, while they find that their military service teaches them the use of firearms which, so one of them told the writer, will be found useful "later on." This fact also accounts for a good many Communists being in the ranks of the Storm Troops, who, contrary to general assertion, are armed, having arms-drill two or three times a week. The writer has seen several of their shooting ranges.

Other aspects of Nazi activity, besides the great costs of their administration, are criticized. An extreme anti-Jewish policy does not command much support, while the attitude of the *régime* to the big capitalists, so great a contrast to the programme on which they were first elected to power, is the cause of much dissatisfaction. The compulsory Labour Service, with its political complexion, is unpopular; opponents of the Nazis object to a service which is announced as being of national importance being made a party affair, while young men are displeased because the time spent in the Labour Service upsets their plans for after-life. The number of university students has fallen by several thousands on this account. The Workers' Front, which has replaced the former trade unions, will not grant a labour permit unless the applicant expresses faith in the Nazi ideology. The workers do not like to get work by saluting, but they cannot help themselves. During the Olympic Games in Berlin the local unemployed had their dole sent through the post so that foreign visitors should gain no "mistaken impressions" of conditions in Nazi Germany. Some months later the writer was stopped six times in half-an-hour in the streets of the capital by ill-fed men asking for a mark with which to buy food. On speaking to several of these men the writer found that they had walked to Berlin from the provinces in search of work, only to find that the capital was scheduled as a distressed area, and that any work available was reserved for the local unemployed.

Space does not permit of further examples of the state of affairs behind the Nazi smoke-screen. That discontent in the

Third *Reich* is not negligible is evident to anyone who will take the trouble to talk to the average German. No word will ever be heard against Herr Hitler himself, but criticism of his subordinates is merciless and bitter. Dachau still contains 1,800 prisoners, and the Nazis find it necessary to have eleven other concentration camps at their service. Party headquarters in Munich are guarded by Storm Troops with fixed bayonets," in case we are attacked," as a member of the staff admitted to the writer. Murmurs of a further " shoot-up " may be heard in party circles, and names of high officials are whispered as possible victims. On the fateful June 30, 1934, the body of a police inspector in Berlin was left on the front lawn of an American's house for five days, in spite of his frequent requests to the police to remove it ; he had to take his children to school by the back-door so that they should not see the gruesome relic of political passion. That may happen again.

None of us wish ill to Germany, but those who advocate a close understanding with the present *régime* in that country would do well to turn their attention to the foundations on which the National Socialist State rests. A close examination cannot fail to reveal many causes contributing to its instability. It should not be forgotten that such " elections " as have taken place since 1933 have been conducted on issues in foreign and not in home policy, nor that the present absence of any definite lead in the opposition to the Nazis does not postulate the absence of such opposition.

ARCTIC SUMMER.

By E. L. Grant Watson.

ANYONE who has climbed in the Alps on a cloudy day, and has climbed high enough to get above the clouds, will remember the wonder of the sight that there stretches beneath him : the upper surface of the sea of clouds, bright and gleaming in the sunlight, and the higher mountain-tops piercing this sea, and rising sheer and abrupt in isolated peaks or in groups, banked one behind another in increasing grandeur ; and, over the whole scene, a sense of complete aloofness from the world inhabited by men. It is just such a scene as this, of awe and wonder, that the traveller sees, if he is lucky enough to approach the Lofoten Islands on a calm, summer evening. Like most of the characteristic features of the west coast of Norway, these islands are the result of land subsidence, and just as the fjords are submerged glacial valleys, so, many of the island groups along the coast are the summits of mountain ranges, the major part of which has sunk beneath the water. With only the peaks left visible the effect is one of strange beauty.

From Trondheim to Lofoten is a two days passage on the mail steamer up the coast, crossing the Arctic circle just south of the great Svartisen glacier, then to Bodo, and thence westward over open sea for forty miles across the Westfjord. I was exceptionally fortunate in the day of my arrival, the clear, calm evening of the 21st of June. Although I had recently seen some of the best of the inland fjords of Southern Norway, I was quite unprepared for the loveliness of these island peaks. They stretched from South-West to North-East in a long, much-serrated band, and the illusion of being above the clouds and of looking out on what were only the peaks of mountains was sudden and surprising. The sea which had swallowed their foundations was as soft and still as the cloud-vapours, which in the Alps hide the world beneath.

The magic quality faded as we came nearer to the shore. The vision of the eternal hills was replaced by the picture of the

pleasing, brightly-practical little town of Svolvear, which first appeared under a haze of smoke-stained mist, but which was soon seen spreading itself over a number of harbours and inlets, and which advertised on the walls of its warehouses and factories *klipfisk*, cigarettes and petrol. We were tied up at the wharf by nine o'clock when the sun was still high in the sky above the mountain behind the town. For two and a half hours we were free to go ashore while our ship was unloading her cargo, and reloading with the boxes of whale-meat, waiting on the quay.

The town, like most Norwegian towns, is built of wood, and the frame-houses looked very similar to those miniature ones which are sold in toy boxes, as brightly painted and as neat. They are set on the numerous peninsulas enclosing the elongated and much-indented harbours. These harbours, which in the dark, winter months are so busy with fishing boats, are now comparatively empty; one sees only a few deserted ketches with rows of sea-gulls perching on their spars and bulwarks.

Svolvaer is one of the most important centres of the Norwegian deep-sea fisheries. Out of the adjacent seas more than one hundred and fifty-six thousand tons of cod were taken during four months of last winter. These fish were split and filleted, and the flesh sent to various southern villages on the fjords to be dried and salted as stock fish or *klipfisk*. I had seen some portion of this last year's catch drying on the shores of the fjords in the neighbourhood of Alesund but a few days before. The drying of the fish is leased out to various villages. The work is done by women, and the fish are slowly dried in the sun, and, when at the right degree of salinity, is shipped abroad, chiefly to Italy and Spain. The livers of the cod are, of course, squeezed for their oil; the back-bones and the severed heads are hung up to ripen, to be turned into various glues and manures. Along the sides of some of the more inland harbours are built long wooded scaffoldings, many tiers deep, and on these there still hung hundreds of thousands of bundles of fish-heads, and beside them hundreds of thousands of stripped back-bones. These were the mere chaff left from the threshing of the great harvest of the sea.

I passed many such scaffoldings on my way inland, and, as

soon as I was able, climbed to a hill-top which overlooked the town and the surrounding countryside. Here grew a fine luxuriance of ferns, mosses and arctic flowers, and in amongst them, and everywhere in the most unexpected places were fish-bones. The very earth seemed to produce a multitude of fish-bones. I was puzzled at first to think how they had got there, for surely no humans would carry fish to so remote a spot. Sea-gulls, preying on the multitude of fish brought in by the boats, must have brought them here ; and so year after year the bones accumulated, filling the crannies of the rocks.

From here I watched the sun sink behind the mountain, and saw the shadow sweep across the sea, turning the slatey blue of the water to a deep, dark green. In the distance the mountain peaks of remote islands caught and reflected the sunlight. In spite of the mosquitoes which gathered round me too hungrily for peace or comfort, I kept my vantage-point, trying to imagine and to get some picture of what these harbours were like in winter, when all the land was under snow, and the sky was lit only by moon or stars or northern lights and that dim daylight which comes from the sun, which does not show its face from October to March. Then is the time when the quays are all crowded with ships, and the men from all the fjords, North and South, are gathered there for the hard and bitter-cold work of winter fishing.

We were away from Svolvaer by eleven-thirty, and although the sun was at first obscured by the hills on the port side, we soon pulled out towards more open sea, and at five minutes to twelve, the sun appeared in a gap in the hills. It was only visible for a few seconds and was then lost again behind the land. From Bodo, on the preceding night I had seen it over the sea, and it had then seemed to pause and hang suspended above the horizon for quite a long time before changing its course, and rising once more to begin another day. It had then chanced that the small clouds which lay like flecks near the sun's face, gave direction to the outshooting rays ; these, like vast wings appeared on either side, and on these, as the minutes passed, the sun seemed slowly to rise. Neither on this nor on other occasions did it seem any exaggeration to say that this midnight pause combined and linked the glories of the evening and the dawn.

Not long after we left Svolvaer, we turned westward again and entered Raftsund, a narrowing passage of water, winding a way through small islands and leading to distant mountains, brilliant in many tints of rose and purple, and lit near their crests with gleaming snowfields. Here again the illusion of being high above the earth returned, but here instead of being afloat on a wide sea of cloud, we appeared to be floating on a narrow billow of cloud which had strayed in among the ranges and had there remained stationary. I realised that I had made a mistake in booking a passage any further. Nothing, I felt sure, could exceed the beauty of the Lofoten Islands. It was here I should have disembarked.

Unexpectedly we turned into a narrow gorge, so small that it seemed at first that the steamer was heading for a rock-wall, till at the last moment the opening became large enough for us to squeeze through. This was the famous Troll Fjord, and surely it deserves its reputation, for I can think of nothing more fantastically lovely than the scene it revealed at one o'clock on a midsummer morning. We went at half speed between cliffs towering up thousands of feet, and were so near them, we could almost pluck the ferns from the rock-crevices as we passed. These precipitous walls opened out after a short time to a wider landscape of mountain summits and many waterfalls, and the steamer entered a cup, or rather a funnel, the bottom of which reached down through dark green water. In this widening between the rocks there was just sufficient room for the steamer slowly to turn.

Soon after we had come out once more through the narrow entrance, the sun, now well on its upward slope, rose from behind a rock-face, flooding all the sea with its light, and there in the midst of that widening expanse of water, we were surprised to see a small row boat with a man and a girl in it. The girl was steering and the man was leisurely dipping his oars. How they had got there we could not guess; there was no sign of any human habitation, and we must have been at least ten miles from Svolvaer. I am sure most of us envied them their solitude in that fairy-land of the arctic summer. For them no throbbing engines, only the splash of oars. We left them swaying up and down on the swell we had made.

ENGLAND THROUGH FOREIGN SPECTACLES

By Sir John Marriott

TO the vast majority of foreigners, England still remains, to a deplorable degree, *L'Ile Inconnue*. That is, however, by no means the fault of historians and publicists who, especially of late years, have lavished upon England, her history and people, her customs and institutions, an attention that is almost embarassing. But these French and German writers have not only revealed and explained us to their own countrymen, they have, in not a few cases, revealed us to ourselves. Not always, of course, with as much accuracy as erudition, but invariably—it is safe to say—with fewer and less grotesque mistakes than any Englishman has ever made in writing about Germany or France. More than that. I do not remember having ever read a book about English Institutions or History, by a Frenchman or a German, from which I have not learnt something worth learning or been enabled to see familiar objects in an unfamiliar and illuminating aspect.

There are, needless to say, learned monographs of which it would be sheer impertinence to write in these terms. It is, for instance, to an Austrian Professor—Dr. Joseph Redlich—that we must go for one of the best books ever written on *English Local Government* (1903), and the same writer's *Procedure of the House of Commons* (3 Vols.) 1908 is still, to our shame, incomparably the most elaborate and the most important work on that deeply complicated subject. For half a century Dr. Rudoplh von Gneist's works on *The English Constitution* have been accepted as text-books in this country. Americans are hardly foreigners, or I should put in the same category Dr. Laurence Lowell's *English Government and Politics* which I reviewed, on its first appearance, in The Fortnightly Review for January, 1909, and to which I have been constantly referring for nearly thirty years. My confident prediction that Dr. Lowell's

work would " prove to be a permanent addition to the literature of English institutions," has been more than fulfilled. Dr. Lowell was one of the first publicists to discern the tendency towards delegated legislation and the increase of bureaucratic control, and to give adequate attention to the relations between the transitory parliamentary chiefs and the permanent civil servants. Thirty years ago it had hardly begun to dawn upon English publicists that Whitehall was becoming more important than Westminster.

It is not, however, with such monumental works that this article is primarily concerned, still less with well known Histories like those of Leopold von Ranke and M. Elie Halévy. It is a long time since I even looked into Ranke, but I well remember that it was he who first revealed to me the true character of the Stuart Restoration. My debts to M. Halévy have been much more recently incurred and acknowledged.

M. André Siegfried's *England's Crisis*, published in 1931, does not quite belong to the category I indicate. It was intended, I suppose, as a friendly warning to us that our national complacency was ill-founded, that the conditions which had in the nineteenth century given us our unquestioned supremacy no longer existed. Happily the crisis which he analysed with so much penetration, though not less serious than he imagined, was in fact surmounted, and his work, therefore, survives as a danger-signal which fulfilled its beneficent purpose.

In different categories we must put such recent works as M. Emile Cammaerts's *Discovery of England*, M. Jacques Bardoux's *L'Ile et L'Europe*; *la Politique Anglaise* (1930—1936), *Ce quil faut Connaitre de L'Ame Anglaise* by M. Louis Cazamian, or *Tu Viens en Angleterre* (" England This Way ") by " Felix de Grand'Combe " (as he chooses to call himself) or older books which I find on the shelves of my library, like M. Mermeix's *L'Angleterre: Aspects Inconnus* and M. Emile Demolin's *A Quoi tient la Superiorité des Anglo-Saxons*, or still older and more restricted in scope, that delightful sketch by Baron E. Mandat-Grancey *Chez Paddy*. Has there ever appeared a more brilliant sketch of the Ireland of " Bloody Balfour " and " Coercion Carson," than the last-named? If there has, I must unfortunately have missed it.

Of single-volume histories of England which can be described as first-rate, we have now a good many. But I have not myself come across any book of similar scope written by a Frenchman which could be put by the side of M. André Maurois's latest work.*

The first qualities to be looked for in a book of this kind are proportion, balance, arrangement; any one who has ever attempted a similar task is only too painfully aware how difficult it is to attain success in this respect. M. Maurois has shown conspicuous skill and dexterity in handling a great mass of intractable material and in preserving scientific proportion. He has distributed his work into seven books. The first deals with *Origins* and takes us through the successive invasions of Romans, Teutons, Danes and Normans down to the Norman Conquest. In the Second Book—*The French Kings*—M. Maurois analyses the results—political and economic—of the Norman Conquest, describes the work of Henry II., his sons, and his grandson, and devotes no fewer than three chapters to the rise of the Communities—the Towns, the Universities and the Mendicant Monks. Nowhere does M. Maurois reveal himself as a specialist—he would not preserve that inestimable quality of proportion if he did. Nevertheless, he is evidently well up in the results of recent research, and abreast of the conclusion the specialists have reached. A good illustration, of the skill with which he contrives to satisfy the professional reader without unduly distracting the attention of the layman, is to be seen in his treatment of Magna Carta. Every tyro is aware that recent research has done much to modify the traditional view of that document as a Charter of National Liberty. With a light touch M. Maurois reaches a compromise between traditional teaching and modern theory. To contemporaries, as he insinuates, Magna Carta meant one thing—a very limited thing: to later generations it came to mean much more than it said.

Equally, perhaps even more, skilful is his treatment of the vexed question of our early "Parliaments." Here is his conclusion about the famous "Parliament" summoned in 1265

**A History of England*, by André Maurois, translated from the French by Hamish Miles. Jonathan Cape. 1937. 12s. 6d. net.

by Simon de Montfort :—" It cannot be said that the House of Commons, properly speaking, dates from this experiment, because the town and county representatives were there only in a consultant capacity. Their attendance strikes us as important because we know its consequences. To contemporaries, no doubt, it seemed natural : the rebel was summoning his partisans." I have tried to say exactly the same thing myself, but how clumsily compared with this Frenchman's deft touch!

So we come to Book III. which, under the general heading *The Peak and Decline of Feudalism* carries us through the next two centuries to the close of the Middle Ages.

The treatment of the sixteenth century is, in the main, on conventional lines, though it closes with two or three striking pages on the nature of the problem bequeathed by the Tudors to the Stuarts. Book V. traces the course of the conflict in which we were involved by the attempt to solve that problem, and Book VI. shows us objectively where and how the solution was ultimately discovered by the transference of the Executive from the Crown to a Cabinet, drawn from, and dependent upon, the ruling oligarchy. The Seventh and concluding section of the book sketches the further and final transference of power from the Few to the Many.

This bare summary conveys no idea of the grace and skill of M. Maurois's narrative : but his readers—and they are sure to be numerous—will readily discover for themselves the outstanding merits of a very attractive work. Such a work offers, of course, a wide target for criticism, but criticism for the most part would be directed to comparatively small and detailed points. The appendix shows that M. Maurois has relied exclusively on secondary authorities, unavoidably, but they have for the most part been selected with discrimination. Nevertheless, they have occasionally—especially in the later and more controversial portion of the work misled him. It is not difficult for, instance, to trace to their origin M. Maurois's unduly severe animadversions on the Poor Law of 1834. Criticism of that measure is easy enough, and Carlyle and Disraeli combined to make the criticism picturesque. Drastic the remedy it applied unquestionably was ; but M. Maurois apparently does not appreciate the nature of the alternative. The disease was too

eep-seated for "rose-water surgery;" the operators were erforce rather ruthless. In this connexion, and with a view to is next edition, M. Maurois would do well to re-read the Report f the Commission of 1909. Once more, "massacre" is an xaggerated term to apply to the Peterloo affray. "Massacre" neans (as the Oxford Dictionary teaches) "General Slaughter." But M. Maurois himself tells us that the fatal casualties numbered nly eleven.

In a different connexion I must remind M. Maurois that Pitt and Castlereagh made no "promises" to the Catholics at he time of the Irish Union. Undoubtedly they held out high iopes, and it is an abiding tragedy that those hopes were not mmediately fulfilled. Pitt rightly judged his own honour to e so deeply involved that, in face of the King's obstinate efusal to complete the emancipation of the Catholics, he esigned; but though there was very natural disappointment here was no breach of faith. One point more. It relates to M. Maurois's criticism of the Treaty of Versailles, which seems o me exaggerated and unfair. The Treaty has few apologists, and I am far from defending all its articles: but I prefer my account of the matter (in the work cited by M. Maurois) to his, and I prefer Dr. H. A. L. Fisher's to either. M. Maurois ought, n fairness, to point out that France's failure to obtain the fulfilment of the Treaty promised to her in compensation for the denial of the Rhine frontier was due solely to the refusal of the United States to implement her engagement and in no way to Great Britain. Nor is it accurate to associate Great Britain and America in the treatment of Italy. "Italy," says M. Maurois, 'was treated by British and Americans with an ill-will which bordered on enmity." Of President Wilson that is true; of Great Britain it is not. And what of France? Italy was, I agree, cheated (perhaps luckily for her) out of Smyrna, but he was richly rewarded elsewhere for her contribution to the Allied victory. Not, indeed, so richly as she had hoped, but much more richly than she would have been had not England and France withstood Mr. Wilson.

The mention of such points in M. Maurois's narrative proves how little there is upon which criticism can fasten. Nor can any Englishman fail to be gratified by the generous and dis-

criminating tribute which in his brief conclusion the author pays to England. He emphasizes, for instance, the truth, sometimes ignored by our own countrymen, that "the clash of class or faction, deadly in other countries, is less perilous in England, because there the habit of disciplined assent to the decisions of a majority is as old as the juries of the Norman Kings, and also because, beneath surface conflict of opinion, the deeper unity of the nation appears to be indestructible." He lays more stress, perhaps, than an English writer would, on the possession of "great armaments," but his final conclusion is that "the strength of her people springs equally from the kindly disciplined, trusting and tenacious character moulded by a thousand years of happy fortune."

Preceding paragraphs should have made it clear that for M. Maurois's latest work I have conceived a genuine admiration: it is an excellent bit of work but it would be an affectation, such as the author would be the first to resent, to describe it as a *great* work.

That epithet I should reserve for a work the re-reading of which I may attribute obliquely to M. Maurois. The use of his French spectacles sent me back to some German spectacles which, to the great clarification of my vision, I first put on some seven years ago. I put them on again a few days ago because I suspect (I hope I am wrong) that Dr. Wilhelm Dibelius's *England* is less well known in this country than it deserves to be.* The original German edition was published in Berlin—and the date is noteworthy—in 1922; the admirable English translation by Miss Mary Agnes Hamilton, M.P., in 1930. Dibelius's work is in a very different category from Maurois's. The latter is an historical narrative, the former consists almost entirely of a highly elaborated analytical essay. But a finer estimate of England's achievement, or a more penetrating

*I cannot refrain from mentioning an extraordinary coincidence. On Saturday, July 4, I took down my Dibelius to make some notes for this article. On opening my *Sunday Times* on July 5 my eye at once caught the name Dibelius in "Scrutator's," article. Then I went to the Chapel Royal, St. James, where the preacher, the Bishop of Liverpool, based his discourse on a passage which I had myself noted on the previous day in Dibelius! How many people in the Chapel had ever, I wondered, heard of Dibelius? An important Minister of the Crown, whom I questioned, never had; and a dignified ecclesiastic thought the preacher had referred to *Si*belius!

nalysis of the qualities and characteristics that have con-ributed to that achievement, would be difficult to find.

Dibelius had, I should judge, no great affection for England, ut his knowledge of her institutions and conventions was nazingly minute and accurate, while his admiration was as rofound as it was critical and discerning. Here is an example f his method. He is arguing that, though British policy is in ality far from disinterested, it has to the world the appearance disinterestedness. How different from France! "While rance, since Richelieu's day has kept the world busy and xcited by plans of expansion and perpetual flag-waving, ngland quietly grows, waving its flag as seldom as possible. . . . hen it does hoist its flag, the place generally happens to be me sterile promontory or Cape which represents no great loss the Power that yields it up, but gives a most powerful position to the hands of a naval nation. . . . But the fact remains at Britain is the solitary Great Power which has never injured e vital interest of another European people by annexation, and is a fact of immeasurable moral effect, and it is a fact of nmeasurable moral effect in a period dominated by the principle nationality." (pp. 102—3).

Dibelius avoids the vulgar error of attributing to us hypo-isy and perfidy, but it is inevitable that the satirical note ould occasionally be heard—as here: "It is only in the region foreign policy that the Englishman is still the pure Puritan eking to set up the Kingdom of the God of the Anglo-Saxons" . 493). For the most part, however, Dr. Dibelius successfully sists the temptation to satire, and is content to probe with ientific detachment the causes which have contributed to ve England her unique place among the peoples of the earth. e naturally attributes great importance to our Political stitutions, but the special achievement of English Parliamentarism" he finds in the fact that "it has given a eat people a political education and presented it with leaders singular competency (p. 230). Not that England has been rticularly fertile in the production of leaders. On the ntrary "England can live without great men comparatively nger than any other country." Her achievement is "in the st analysis, not the individual achievement of single statesmen,

single legislators, single generals, or single thinkers, but the collective achievement of the Anglo-Saxon race." It is true that there have never been wanting either in England itself or in the colonies, simple men, of average endowment who "quite naturally, good naturedly, and egotistically pushed with their elbows and went on making the world more and more English. . . On such men rests England's greatness; because of them it has survived, without notable loss, periods when its statesmen were definitely mediocre, periods when the world was looking forward to England's downfall" (p. 504). This is surely a most penetrating analysis, but more subtle is the remark that England's supreme achievement is to have made the State superfluous. "It is good for the world, and good for nations with other ideals that the world contains a State such as has made the State well nigh superfluous. It is true that the outside world feels as a danger England's dominant quality her "lust for power," but the supreme good fortune of England consists in a circumstance which Englishmen have been slow to appreciate at its real significance. It is this: "England is the single country in the world that looking after its own interest with meticulous care has at the same time something to give to others, the single country where patriotism does not represent a threat or challenge to the rest of the world; the single country that invariably summons the most progressive, idealistic and efficient forces in other nations to co-operate with it. . . . Britain is the solitary Great Power with a national programme which, while egotistic through and through, at the same time promises to the world as a whole something which the world passionately desires—order, progress and eternal peace." (pp. 103—9).

When we remember that these words were written by a German, immediately after the Great War, that they represent not the passing comment of a friendly journalist, but the result of a scientific process, conducted by a dispassionate analyst in the drylight of a German laboratory, we cannot refuse to attach to them the highest significance. Would it not be wise when England is summoned before the *Weltgericht*—the final Court of Historical appeal—to engage the services of Dr. Dibelius? His spectacles are neither rose-coloured, nor green, and the court could not fail to be impressed by the fact that they are simply of exceptional power and scientifically adjusted.

A YEAR OF NON-INTERVENTION: *A Record.*

By Stephen Heald.

[T is important to bear in mind that non-intervention is a policy and not a status recognized by international law, such as neutrality. Neutrality can exist only where there is a state of war. Civil war becomes " real " war, in the legal sense, only if and when the insurgents are recognized as belligerents, and belligerent rights are granted to both parties. And as Lord Plymouth pointed out on July 16: " His Majesty's Government regard the recognition of belligerency as a thing which Governments are entitled to grant or withhold as they please on the merits of the situation." Where there is no recognized state of war, and consequently no grant of belligerent rights, all foreign States and their nationals are free to supply arms, war material and goods of every kind to the legitimate Government. On the other hand, " there is no doubt " (according to Oppenheim) " that a foreign State commits an international delinquency by assisting insurgents in spite of being at peace with the legitimate Government." The corollary of belligerent rights (which include the rights of visit and search at sea for contraband and of blocade) is neutral duties—as laid down in the Hague Conventions V. and XIII. of 1907. For instance, corps of combatants cannot be formed nor recruiting agencies opened on the territory of a neutral Power to assist the belligerents. The responsibility of a neutral Power is not engaged, however, by the fact of persons crossing the frontier individually to offer their services to one of the belligerents.

When the civil war broke out in Spain on July 18, 1936, there was no question of granting belligerent rights to the insurgents (the grant of such rights to the Southern States in the American Civil War took place at a later stage and after the declaration by the North of a blockade against them). In consequence neither the Government nor the insurgents had the right of blockade

or of visit and search for contraband. The right of blockade was denied equally to the Government in August, 1936, and to General Franco subsequently. (In any case blockade must be effective, and neither party in Spain had control of the sea.) On the other hand, international law was being honoured more in the breach than in the observance, and intervention by certain States, direct and indirect, was threatening to produce an acute problem. Aeroplanes and war material were arriving in Spain in large quantities, volunteers were being recruited and subscriptions raised. Internationally recognized rules of conduct were being ignored.

In these circumstances and in the face of bitter opposition from his left-wing supporters who were already pressing him to help the Madrid Government, as indeed he had a legal right to do, M. Blum, after consultation with the British Government, took an important decision. On July 25, he prohibited the export from France to Spanish territory of war material, not including commercial aircraft. By this action he hoped to strengthen his hands in subsequent negotiations for an agreement. On August 1, he followed this action by an appeal to the British and Italian Governments, later extended to Germany, the U.S.S.R. and other States, for the rapid adoption and rigid application of an agreement for *non-intervention* in Spain. His proposals, transmitted a few days later after a Preamble containing a pledge to abstain from all intervention, direct or indirect, postulated :

(1) A ban on the direct or indirect export, re-export or transit, to Spain, Spanish possessions or the Spanish zone in Morocco, of all arms, ammunition and materials of war and of all aircraft, assembled or in parts ;
(2) The ban to apply to contracts in course of execution ;
(3) The signatories to undertake to inform each other of action taken to fulfil the agreement.

The French Government set the example, by a decree published on August 8, giving effect as from the following day to their proposals. The United Kingdom adhered, on August 15th, issuing an Order in Council. Germany, Italy and Portugal, however, raised difficulties, but by September 3 the last of 27 European States had accepted, the majority, including the United Kingdom, France and Russia, without reservation.

Italy had shown great reluctance from the first and had made her agreement dependent upon satisfaction being given on three

points : that a prohibition of moral support should be included in the agreement, that it should cover the actions of individuals as well as of Governments, and that there should be some control to ensure the observance of the agreement. In the definitive Note of acceptance of August 21, the Italian Government, while accepting the three points contained in the French Note, omitted to include the general commitment contained in the Preamble and interpreted indirect intervention as meaning the prohibition by other participating countries of public subscriptions and the enrolment of volunteers. Further it was stipulated that all important European States producing arms should be included in the agreement.

Portugal also omitted the Preamble and reserved the right to take defensive action against any " subversive régime " which might be established in Spain, to maintain relations with central or local authorities which governed or administered the country *de facto*, and finally to recognize a new Government or the opposing Parties as belligerents. The Portuguese Note further stated that any breach of the agreement by other parties, such as by the raising of subscriptions or the recruiting of volunteers, would be regarded as automatically releasing the Government from the obligations which it was assuming.

The German Foreign Minister notified the adherence of his Government on August 17 (rendered definitive on August 24) omitting the Preamble and subject to the condition that all the principal arms-producing States of Europe should also adhere. It would be eminently desirable, said the German Note, that the measures envisaged should be extended to include a prohibition of the departure of volunteers.

* * * * *

The Non-Intervention Agreement is based not upon the signature of any single instrument, but in the case of each country, upon the Notes exchanged between it and France.

The French proposals required an undertaking from all States participating in the Agreement to communicate the measures taken by them to carry out their obligations. As the best method of ensuring this exchange of information the French Goverment proposed on August 26 the establishment of an international committee, on which all signatory States should

be represented. The first meeting of the International Committee for the Application of the Agreement regarding Non-Intervention in Spain was held on September 9, all participating States being represented, except Portugal. (The Portuguese representative took his place at the fourth meeting of the Committee on September 28, after certain doubts about the procedure for dealing with complaints had been cleared up.) A working committee (Chairman's Sub-Committee) was set up on September 14.

Thus ended, not without hope for the future, the first phase of non-intervention.

The agreement, however, although it undoubtedly diminished the dangers of a European conflict and restricted to some extent the volume of war material and the number of volunteers and others despatched to Spain, did not put an end to foreign intervention. In the first place it was limited to twenty-seven European countries, and although the participating States had undertaken to prohibit the direct or indirect export or re-export of war material to Spain or Spanish possessions, it was not too difficult for States not bound by the Agreement to import war material for an eventual destination in Spain. In consequence it was not surprising that the first two months of the Committee's discussions were taken up in the examination of complaints regarding breaches of the agreement, in which accusations and counter-accusations were hurled across the conference table between the representatives of Germany, Italy and Portugal, on the one side, and the representative of the U.S.S.R. on the other. In most cases it was judged that the evidence available was not sufficient to establish more than a *prima facie* case. It became more and more evident that some form of supervision or control was essential if the Agreement was to be maintained.

On October 12 the Soviet representative proposed, as a means of ending the alleged violation of the Agreement by Portugal, that an Anglo-French naval control of Portuguese ports should be established. The Portuguese Government, not unnaturally, having rejected this suggestion, the Committee took up the discussion of an alternative proposal put forward by its Chairman Lord Plymouth, that the system of control should be applied to Spanish ports and along the Spanish frontiers. The elabora-

tion of this scheme was entrusted to the Chairman's Sub-Committee and its report was approved on November 12 by the full Committee, which decided a month later to despatch its proposals to the two parties in Spain with a request for their acceptance. The Sub-Committee next took up the examination of " the question of the increasing entry into Spain of foreign nationals for the purpose of taking part in the civil war." Its report was considered by the Committee on December 9, and its recommendations were adopted, the representatives on the Committee agreeing to forward them to their Governments.

Looking back on the history of the three months during which the Committee had been in existence, the record of delay and obstruction is not an edifying one. As M. Maisky said on December 9, the Committee had only one achievement to its credit and that was " a positively amazing talent for performing that drill which is called ' marking time.' " Its labours, he continued, had little more to show for results than words and " a vast and ever-rising mountain of papers." The question of control was difficult enough to settle, but the problem of extending the agreement to cover a prohibition on the despatch of volunteers yielded an even larger crop of difficulties. The Italian, German and Portuguese Governments insisted that the question of volunteers was an integral part of the general question of indirect intervention and should not, in consequence, be considered apart from such other problems as moral propaganda, the raising of subscriptions, and the activities of political agitators.

At its meeting on December 23 the Committee examined the preliminary replies of General Franco and the Valencia Government to the Note communicating to them the original control scheme. The latter, while protesting that, as it was the legitimate Government of Spain, it had, in accordance with the principle and practice of international law, a perfect right to purchase arms freely wherever it wished and that in consequence the arms embargo and the control scheme were unfair to it, agreed to accept the plan in principle. General Franco's reply was evasive and merely promised to give the communication further consideration. Thus ended the second unsatisfactory phase of non-intervention.

There now opened a more constructive period. Undismayed by the disappointing response to the joint Franco-British appeal on Christmas eve to Berlin, Rome, Lisbon and Moscow urging the necessity of stopping the flow of personnel to Spain and suggesting an attempt at mediation, the United Kingdom Government, acting on their own initiative in an effort to break the deadlock, circulated on January 10 a Note containing two main proposals : (1) The extension of the projected supervision scheme to cover the entry into Spain by land or by sea, of volunteers or military personnel, as well as of war material ; (2) The immediate adoption by each Government in regard to its own territory of the necessary measures for prohibition to be effective even before the establishment of a complete system of control in Spain. As a mark of good faith the Foreign Office issued on the same day a warning that acceptance or enrolment in the military, naval or air services of either party in Spain or the recruiting of others for this purpose would be regarded as an offence under the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, punishable by up to two years inprisonment and/or a fine.

The French Government followed the British example by securing the passage on January 15 of a law empowering the Government to prohibit by decree the departure or enrolment from or in France of volunteers for Spain.

The replies to the British Note of January 9 were encouraging, and on February 10 a special sub-committee consisting of representatives of the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal and the U.S.S.R. was set up to discuss the revision of the control scheme, so as to make it generally acceptable. On February 15 the sub-committee agreed on its recommendations which were adopted by the full Non-Intervention Committee on the following day. They proposed that States should (from midnight on February 20) (1) extend the agreement to cover " the recruitment in, the transit through or the departure from, their respective countries of persons of non-Spanish nationality proposing to proceed to take part in the war." (2) communicate details of measures taken ; (3) adopt the system of supervision prepared by the sub-committee and bring it into operation on March 7.

The Portuguese Government were unable to accept the last two points as they were not prepared to admit international supervision of their frontier. On February 18, however, agreement was reached on a proposal that the frontier should be supervised by British observers reporting to a Chief Administrator and to the British Embassy in Lisbon.

The next problem was to put into execution the elaborate scheme of supervision and control on land and sea devised by the technical sub-committee. But although the scheme was finally approved by a resolution of the Non-Intervention Committee on March 8, it was not possible until April 15 for the International Board to report to the Committee that the observers were at their stations and everything was ready for the scheme to be put into operation. The date for this was fixed as midnight on April 19-20.

As far as land control was concerned the Spanish frontier with France and Gibraltar were placed under the supervision of international observers. Their duty was the investigation of complaints and the notification of breaches of the Agreement in regard to the entry of arms, war material or volunteers. Supervision of the Portuguese frontier was covered by the separate Anglo-Portuguese agreement. On sea, supervision was to be carried out by observers who were to be picked up by the vessels of participating States proceeding to Spanish ports at certain agreed points of embarkation (Dover or the Downs, Cherbourg, Brest, Le Verdon, Cette, Marseilles, Palermo, Oran, Gibraltar, Lisbon and Madeira). The functions of these observers were to be purely supervisory and civilian ; their duty was to verify and examine the cargoes of ships flying the flags of participating States and the identity papers of persons travelling in them, and report any irregularities or breaches.

Another feature of the scheme was the naval patrol ; after the withdrawal by Russia and Portugal of their claims to inclusion, this was entrusted to the four naval Powers ; the United Kingdom, France, Germany and Italy, who divided the patrol as follows : the Northern coast to British and French vessels ; the South-West coast to Gibraltar, Atlantic coast of Morocco, Majorca and Iviza to French vessels ; the Mediterranean coast of Morocco, Rio de Oro and South-Eastern coast

of Spain from Gibraltar to Cape Gato (Almeria) to British vessels; the Eastern coast from Cape Gato to Cape Oropesa to German vessels; the North-Eastern coast and Minorca to Italian vessels. (The extension of the patrol to the Canary Islands was left for subsequent examination but was never carried out).

The functions of the naval patrol warships, as of the observers, were purely those of verification and identification and the reporting of infringements and evasions; without right of search, patrol vessels might approach and board vessels flying the flags of participating States only to establish identity, and verify the presence of an observer on board. They were to operate not less than ten miles from the coast.

Finally there was established an International Board to which was entrusted the task of supervising and reporting upon the technical operation of the scheme of receiving reports from Governments of penalties inflicted for breaches and of action taken, and finally of investigating any violations reported to it by the Non-Intervention Committee.

Such was the complicated scheme of supervision and control that came into operation at midnight on April 19-20.

* * * * *

The fourth phase of non-intervention, now opened.

In spite of the introduction of the control and observation scheme on April 20, supplies continued to find their way into Spain. This was largely due to the inevitable weakness of a scheme which did not extend to Spanish ships or to the ships of non-European States. Of the latter only the United States had taken any action; on January 8, 1937, an arms embargo resolution applying to both parties in Spain became effective. It was supplemented on March 13 by an announcement that passports for Spain would be refused to American citizens, unless engaged in medical or relief activities.

The bombing of the *Deutschland* on May 29 led to the withdrawal of Germany and Italy from the Non-Intervention Committee, and the control scheme; but negotiations between these two countries and Great Britain and France led to a four-Power agreement on June 12, and the resumption of co-operation once more. A week later, however, the German Government

reported that torpedo attacks had been made upon another German vessel, the cruiser *Leipzig* on June 15 and 18, and, supported by Italy, demanded joint action by the four Powers in accordance with the agreement of June 12. The British and French Governments refused to agree to a joint naval demonstration and the other German proposals, until the facts of the reported attack had been established beyond possibility of doubt. As a result of this disagreement Germany and Italy announced on June 23 the withdrawal of their vessels from the naval patrol; this was followed on June 29 by the resignation of their nationals serving as land and maritime observers.

To close the gap in the naval patrol left by this withdrawal the British and French Governments offered to take over the sectors previously patrolled by German and Italian warships, with neutral observers on board as a guarantee of impartiality. This proposal was rejected by Germany and Italy who proposed on July 2, the abolition of the patrol system and the grant of belligerent rights to both parties in Spain. This, they claimed, would mean that ships flying either the Spanish flag or the flags of non-European countries, would be submitted by the two Parties to an effective form of control, thus closing serious loop holes in the Agreement. The system of land and maritime observation was to be maintained. The French and Soviet representatives on the Committee opposed these proposals. To break this deadlock the Committee unanimously invited the British Government to bring the two points of view together.

In the meantime, the Portuguese Government, on June 26, had announced, in view of the breakdown of the naval patrol, the withdrawal of the facilities granted to the British observers on the Spanish frontier. On July 13, the French Government suspended the facilities granted to the international observers on the Pyrenees' frontier, until control on the Portuguese land frontier should be re-established.

The British compromise plan of July 14, must be considered against this background. Its main points were :

1. Maintenance of the maritime observation scheme and restoration of supervision on land frontiers, but discontinuance of the naval patrol and the substitution for it of international observers in Spanish ports.
2. Grant of belligerent rights to both parties in Spain on condition that : the contraband list should be the same as that adopted by the Committee;

there should be no interference with ships carrying observers or not engaged in traffic with Spain; and that Governments should have the right to protect ships if these conditions were broken.

3. The withdrawal from Spain of all persons who on July 18, 1936, were nationals of or domiciled in foreign countries.

4. The execution of this programme in three stages: (i) establishment of observers in ports and withdrawal of naval patrol; (ii) establishment of a commission to supervise withdrawal of foreign nationals; (iii) grant of belligerent rights "when the Non-Intervention Committee place on record their opinion that the arrangements for the withdrawal of foreign nationals are working satisfactorily and that this withdrawal has in fact made substantial progress."

5. Authorization to be granted to the British Government to enter immediately into discussion with the two parties in Spain regarding the three points above.

When the proposals came before the Chairman's Sub-Committee on July 20, disagreement was immediately apparent regarding the order in which the two main proposals, that is, the withdrawal of volunteers and the grant of belligerent rights, should be discussed. A complete deadlock ensued, and on August 6 the Committee adjourned *sine die*.

The position, therefore, is that international supervision on land is in force only along the Gibraltar frontier (though the French and Portuguese frontiers have not been opened); all merchant shipping flying the flags of States represented on the Committee are still taking on board observers, but naval control is limited to the sectors patrolled by French and British warships, and patrol of the Eastern coast of Spain had lapsed by reason of the withdrawal of German and Italian ships.

In this unhopeful situation the one bright spot seems to be the evident unwillingness of any State to see the breakdown of the Non-Intervention Agreement, however much certain States may be prepared to commit or, at any rate, to condone breaches of it. While the whole scheme has many obvious weaknesses and limitations—the greatest of these being that the ships of the participating States are responsible for the observance of their obligations only before their own country's law, by which alone breaches are punishable—nevertheless, it has at any rate for twelve months succeeded in preventing the worst potentialities of a dangerous situation from being realized and in confining the conflict to Spain.

EBB AND FLOW.

By Stephen Gwynn.

NO doubt when clocks first came into fashion, a great many of them soon went out of order, and wise heads remarked that they had always been against such new-fangled nonsense. People got on without their clocks, as they had done before ; and the chief value of a timepiece hanging silent on the wall was as a reminder to the innovating part of humanity that such machinery could be made to work. Nowadays clocks are at the base of our complicated existence ; stop them all for four-and-twenty hours and civilization would be a chaos. At present the League of Nations is like one of the very first 'grandfather's clocks.' We still go by our individual notions of what the time ought to be ; but meanwhile we have become aware how convenient it would be to have a common agreed standard of reference ; because we are no longer old-fashioned pedestrians with a few trampling quadrupeds : we are people going about in railway trains, motor-cars and aeroplanes, and conscious that at any moment there may be the most appalling crash. I have no doubt myself that within a hundred years, it may be in fifty years, some super-national tribunal will be functioning, as a matter of course, at Geneva or elsewhere, regulating the rule of the road. Instincts of self-preservation will have imposed it on humanity. But for the moment it is by no means clear how we are to get back to the beginnings of that rational experiment. One important step, however, will have been achieved when it is recognized where vital mistakes were made.

On Clocks and Civilization

Many of us incline to think that the attempt to make a machinery world-wide in its application was too ambitious ; and in fact the League's failure to prevent Japanese enterprise in Manchuria did not kill the League in Europe. Neither did Europe or America feel it essential to stop by the strong hand the

South American fighting over the Chaco. But I see with pleasure that so high an authority as Pertinax accepts the proposition that the League could have stopped, and should have stopped, the predatory Abyssinian war; and accepts further that the responsibility for its failure rests on France and England. Now not only the material force at the command of the law-breakers but the prestige of their lawlessness has accumulated sufficiently to derange the whole machine. One new and very expensive attempt has been made to reinforce the damaged mainspring. This is the massive rearmament of Great Britain. If that measure is to be regarded simply as protecting British interests, it has no doubt a value for that purpose; it renders less likely than ever a direct attack on any British possession. But it has little value for the peace of Europe. The only way to secure European peace, and eventually to make disarmament possible, is to convince the predatory powers that aggression will not be allowed to pay, in any part of Europe. If France and England together are determined to act on that principle, we may get back to a world regulated by common standards and by rules of law; and resources, both military and financial, will soon consolidate themselves behind such a combination.

Britain and Brigandage

But it is essential that intentions should be declared. Great Britain's value to the peace of Europe is enormously lessened by the uncertainty which results from her traditional unwillingness to decide a course of action before the actual call to act has come. At this moment clear leadership is more than ever necessary. Recent happenings in Russia have made the French less disposed to count on help from that quarter, for the very simple reason that Stalin's methods of government shock the French, as they have shocked those in England who were most inclined to accept Russian ideals. They are the methods of individual despotism, and nobody can count securely on a despot. The alliance exists and it has a value, so long as Russia for her own reasons is disposed to support those interests in the Danube regions which France is pledged to maintain. But it would be infinitely preferable that such interests should have support given on principles which derive from devotion to the general cause of freedom its exist-

ence in the cause of freedom. Predatory war should be resisted by the leaders of European civilization simply because it is an offence against civilization. We are told in very loud voices that it is no business of England if Czechoslovakia is wiped off the map. Exactly the same was said, with much more appearance of credibility, when Abyssinia was in question. We know now that it was an error disastrous for civilization to allow that piece of buccaneering to succeed, because it destroyed the very beginnings of law which should give international protection to all the League.

France is Tranquil

In France where I write there is a less uneasy temper than this time last year. Nobody is talking of revolution or civil war. The moderately well-to-do are content to wait and see what M. Chautemps can bring to pass; they are undoubtedly relieved that M. Blum is no longer in control. Yet the peasants, cottagers and fishermen, are very clear that M. Blum did much good to *les ouvriers*. But what has struck me most is that, although the fishermen have not profited in any way that I can see by his administration, they are said to be nearly all Communists, and return a Communist deputy for this part of the *Côtes du Nord*. But in all classes one feels the tranquillizing effect of a new and complete sense of friendship with England. Neither in the press nor in conversation does one meet any of those acrimonious commentaries which were so usual. The *Front Populaire* has at least this to its credit—that in a time of extraordinary difficulty it has maintained the solidarity which is most essential to all Europe. British statesmen have their share also in the credit, but their position in their parliament and in their constituencies was by far less difficult than the Frenchmen had to face in May of last year.

Those difficulties are grave enough still. The trade unionists, with their Communist and Socialist allies, have wrung so many concessions from the *Front Populaire* that they believe it possible to get more by kicking still harder. That is the usual procedure in democracies. The very large labouring population which stands by choice outside the trade unions has made various attempts to assert its right to work for itself as it chooses;

and there have been encounters between rival camps of boatmen on the waterways, and between farmers and their labourers in Picardy. On the farms, the troops sent up to prevent a riot are said to have interpreted their orders so strictly that farmers and their families were not even allowed to milk their own cows lest this should provoke a quarrel. Still, democracy when it is well established can protect itself; if there were any sign of treating the French farmers—most of them very small owners—as the kulaks were treated in Russia, the *Front Populaire* would crumble very rapidly; and for the moment there is high authority for making great sacrifices to avoid bloodshed in economic disputes. I have been reading Victor Margueritte's *Aristide Briand*. Briand fully accepted, not only local strikes but the general strike, as legitimate weapons in the hands of the people. None the less, when a railway strike threatened to paralyse the country at a dangerous moment during his premiership, he called out the railwaymen to run the lines as soldiers. The order was obeyed and the strike broken. Briand would have argued that the sense of national duty would always prevail, as it did in that case, when the men were reasonably handled—unless the injustice under which they suffered was unbearable—in which case the only choice would be between concession of their demands, and a kind of civil war.

The Heritage of Briand

It is clear enough that Briand has not been able to imbue all sections in France with his hatred of violent methods; yet I think that, but for Briand's apostolate of pacifism, neither M. Blum's foreign policy nor his domestic measures would have been possible. Things were on a hair-trigger when the Socialist Government came into power, with Communist support on a scale never known before in France; sparks flew in various collisions; yet the general will of the country prevented any appeal to violence. Then came the Spanish War; temptations to intervention were many for the majority that supported M. Blum—especially because their own political opponents were loudly backing the "Fascist" party. Yet the Socialist leader was able to give a lead to Europe in a policy which meant that, except in absolute self-defence, war must be avoided by a civilized nation, however

strong the sympathies that urge to the risk of war, however bitter the taunts against what will be called cowardice. There is no doubt but that Briand has left a more lasting mark on the mind of France than Poincaré or Clemenceau. He has convinced his people that war is a beastliness. There is also no question but that most of the school teachers drive that lesson home—while in Italy and in Germany very different sentiments are fostered with all the power of the State. The young fisher-lads round here, hardy fellows working a dangerous coast, almost shake their fists as they declare that 'there is going to be no war.' What they count on is, first, the friendship of England; second, the financial difficulties of the dictators. "*Ils n'ont pas le sou.*" And they are convinced that America will refuse to supply money to buccaneering.

A Fitting Memorial

Over across the bay, at Trébeurden, there is a statue of Briand, a big oblong stone of the red granite characteristic here; the sculptor has carved in relief a conventionalized representation of the heavy falling hair, the moustache heavy over the mouth that is speaking; and he has indicated the long supple persuasive hand. Affixed to the stone is a naturalistic statue in bronze of one of those fisher-lads, pointing up to the orator, and above his pointing are the words: "*Il a voulu pour nous la Paix.*" The monument faces, not the crowded beach of Trébeurden with hotels behind it, but the little port full of fishing smacks, at anchor in the lee of two rocky islands. At the furthest point of the outer island is a flat-roofed villa built in cubes; it was built for Briand. Seen from the West, it looks like a fort perched low and firm on the uttermost point of that bare headland, looking out over rock-strewn edges of the Atlantic. Everyone has heard that Briand had his riverside cottage on the Eure, thirty miles from Paris, and that he hid himself away there with his rods and floats. But until I came here I had never heard of this rock-bound seclusion nor of his delight in the sea. Margueritte explains that it was in his blood. Son of a Breton, brought up in Nantes, his wish was to be a seaman like his uncle—until one day the uncle was brought home drowned, and Briand's family insisted on a different career. The biography tells the story of

his life very well, though with too much rancour against the Radicals of a less merciful complexion. Yet there were many affinities between Clemenceau, at all events, and Briand—both great despisers of forms, both orators without artifice of rhetoric. And the same sea drew them. Clemenceau went down to end his days in a shanty on the sandy Atlantic shore, south of the Loire, in Vendée—his province and that of Briand's mother. Briand, if they tell me right here, for the last fifteen years of his life never missed spending a month in this abode on the Côtes du Nord, with the wash of the sea fifty feet below him and the noise of the surf always in his ears. Each of the two men must have had in him much of the primeval Celtic strain, driven west by invasion after invasion and hanging on grimly to the edge of the world. There are many kinds of toughnesses in France, and Poincaré from the Lorraine marches had another of them. Yet there was something even stronger in those other two, so different, yet alike in this that both after they had been brought home from great enterprises with triumph and applause, cared so little to make suit for dignity, that each at the very height of his fame stood for the Presidency and was defeated.

Memories of Marconi

Early last month two flying-boats set out at the same hour to cross the Atlantic, one from Newfoundland, one from the Shannon. By enormously divergent routes they reached their destinations within a quarter of an hour of each other, having been directed through the twelve hour flight by constant relays of wireless. This amazing achievement, which will probably become as normal as crossings by ships, is just a single instance of what human power owes mainly to one man's genius. Marconi is a name that summarizes innumerable victories over space and time.

I have no competence to discuss any scientific question, but the chance was given me to observe this man. About thirty years ago—I think in 1908—a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to report on changes which the Post Office desired to make in its relations with the Marconi Company. Patentees of several other systems of wireless communication complained that a monopoly had been given to this one company, and the Postmaster General—then Sydney Buxton, afterwards

Lord Buxton—was disposed to modify the situation. He presided as Chairman over a Select Committee which represented as usual the various parties. We were, I think, eleven—four Liberals, four Tories, one Labour man, one Irish. None of us had any expert knowledge, and most of the evidence might as well have been given in Chinese. There were only two men among the experts who could make their knowledge accessible to the untrained. When Sir Oliver Lodge, with his noble Jovian head, was before us, it all seemed simple as falling off a log. He represented one of the interests hostile to the Marconi Company and he produced on the Committee the effect of a great and courteous master of his subject, devoid of all petty motives. The Marconi Company, on the other hand, was singularly ill-served by the various members of its administration who appeared. They quarrelled with the shorthand reporter, they got at loggerheads with the Chairman, they did not conciliate any sort of goodwill. This distressed me, because we Irish were disposed to regard Marconi as an Irish interest. His mother was an Irishwoman, he was married to an Irishwoman (with whom, moreover, I could call cousins), and he had set up his great transmitting station on the outermost limit of the Connemara coast. The four Tories were, of course, anxious on principle to defeat the Government, and, apart from that, their leader (now Lord Lee of Fareham), certainly thought, as I did, that the Company was being harshly treated ; but the case for it was being very badly made. Then Marconi came, and the whole aspect of things changed. He was perfectly lucid, he was more than courteous, he was charming ; even at forty his good looks had the freshness of youth ; and, although his English was perfect, the obvious effort which he had to make in conveying his precise thought gained him sympathy. When we adjourned, I took him off to lunch, and it was like being with a cricketer who is conscious that he has mastered the bowling. There was a pleasant flush of excitement about him ; he was very frank about the nervousness which he had concealed. I have seldom met a man more delightfully simple. We went back and he had two hours more of cross-questioning to face ; but at the end of it all, our little Scotch Labour colleague was captured. " I canna resist that smile of his," he said to me.

Things looked as if Marconi had won; but next day I learnt that one of the Tories had felt obliged, by reason of the Imperial interests involved, to vote with the Government. (Singularly enough, his very considerable distinction outside of politics was shortly after recognized by a baronetcy.) It seemed to me that the award had given to the Company's opponents the essentials of what they claimed. But three or four years later came the second and notorious Marconi Committee, on which the technical questions almost disappeared from view, since there seemed a chance to get Mr. Lloyd George's head on a charger. Yet when the Committee's report came to be discussed in the House itself, I heard to my amazement exactly the same complaints of monopoly, and the same assurances that if certain changes were made, other systems would wipe the floor with Marconi. The conclusion that I arrived at was that the monopoly complained of was not the result of privilege; it was a monopoly of efficiency. How far this was due to a talent for administration, how far to inventive genius, I could not say; but certainly the one and only man connected with the Company who produced the impression of first-class power was the inventor himself; and beyond all doubt the inventor was also a most accomplished man of the world.

His Monopoly —of Efficiency

He and his wife came to tea on the Terrace afterwards and were very pleasant; but I shall always remember him at full stretch of his faculties before the Committee, supple and quick as a fine fencer, placing his point without effort, parrying with easy grace, tense but perfectly under a courteous self-control. I like to think that Irish blood had its part in that finished manhood—his work in Ireland I saw too, later on; the strangest contrast of ultra-modern devices set among as primitive a way of life as Europe can show. They were burning spade-cut turf in the vast furnaces, which generated the savage leap of flame, lighting flashes, for the transmitting spark.

Curious it was to see, at an "America Wake" held for young people going to the United States, the mechanics who worked all these formidable and uncomprehended engines, dancing on the crowded cottage floor with barefoot girls, and stopping the dance like the rest, when from time to time the older women

raised their voices in the melancholy keen—that transmission station exists no longer; some patriots thought well to burn it during the Irish Civil War; and, since two or three hundred miles extra now makes little difference to these powers of projecting messages, Connemara is no longer a link in the chain across the Atlantic.

They say that Mussolini spent an hour alone in Marconi's deathchamber. There indeed is a subject for rhetorical exercise.!

Parliament and the Independent Member

The passage of the Divorce Bill is of extraordinary interest to all who study the institution of Parliament. Mr. A. P. Herbert has rendered high service by indicating the utility of the independent member. Here was a question which cut across the ordinary political divisions; which no party could take up, as a party, without the risk of alienating and possibly losing some of its most valued members; which every party was afraid to take up for fear of being labelled as the side which stood for divorce and against family life. Further, no party could make it a party question without compromising the chances of a reform, that, once made a party question, would no longer be considered on its own merits. It is even doubtful whether the Whips of either side would not have done their best to prevent any prominent member of their group from fathering a measure that looked politically so dangerous. In the end, it fell to a newcomer representing a university constituency, who had given full notice of his intentions and who certainly lost no time. I happened to be in the House at its first sitting and was astonished to find a private member on his feet at a point in the proceedings when normally only some official personage would have held the floor. The precise pretext on which Mr. Herbert contrived to make his maiden speech I have forgotten; and, if I remembered, complicated explanation would be necessary. Whether he discovered for himself the means of getting the utmost possible publicity for an announcement of his intentions, or had it suggested to him by some skilful student of the usages of the place, I have no means of knowing; but I soon found that his audacity and ingenuity were approved by very old parliamentary hands. To do the thing successfully it was necessary to create a favour-

able impression ; and that was achieved at once. The speech was frank and modest as well as witty ; it pleased the House and convinced the House that the speaker was just as much in earnest as if he had had the demeanour of a fanatic. Since he had a great volume of opinion with him in all quarters of both Houses, things went on rapidly—helped by the extreme dexterity which he showed in dealing with the controversy that soon developed in the press. It is not given to many men to cope successfully with bishops, but Mr. Herbert had a strong hand and he played it with perfect courtesy and good humour The member for Oxford University could claim with justice to represent more parsons than any bishop on the bench, and he was delivering scores of clergy from a hateful and embarrassing position. That embarrassment remains in great measure, but the free public expression of much weighty opinion is bound to relieve it considerably.

One odious usage that has become so common as to be almost standardized cannot be touched by law. A lady wishing to break her marriage because she prefers another partner will frequently ask her husband to take the responsibility on himself by providing technical proof of his infidelity—as a gentleman should do. Such a lady ought to be made to feel by her own sex that she herself, when she asks such a thing, is doing what no gentleman would do. Divorce is no longer a hanging matter socially, either for man or for woman ; and the partner who wants it ought, in common self-respect, to pay the price of her inclination.

THE HISTORICAL KEY TO DIPLOMACY

By G. R. Stirling Taylor.

CIVITAS DEI, Vol. II., by Lionel Curtis. *Macmillan*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

COMMONWEALTH OR ANARCHY, by Sir John A. R. Marriott. *Philip Allan* 5*s*.

BRITAIN IN EUROPE 1789-1914, by R. W. Seton-Watson. *Cambridge Press*. 30*s*.

It is said that the last instructions which the Emperor Napoleon I. left to the guardians of his young son, the King of Rome, contained these words : "Let my son often read and reflect on history : this is the only true philosophy." This sentence reveals the tragedy of the Corsican adventurer's own life ; for he had spent his days in defying almost every page of the history of the world ; and his punishment had been inevitable. Instead of conquering the earth, he had died an exile on a lonely island. The three books named above are exactly the kind of reading that might save a ruler of to-day from following the mad-dog career of the Italian, Napoleone Buonaparte. For an understanding of the history of the past is one long and terrible warning to all those who think that they can wander recklessly from the straight and narrow path along which alone the sane human being can walk.

Mr. Lionel Curtis sums up this rule of life on his second page :

> "The present is something which does not in fact exist. It becomes the past before one has written words to describe it. The present is really the sum of the past. In order to grasp it, I must have in mind some idea as to how it came out of the past."

It may be a painful shock to those romantic minds that dream fantastic tales of heroic men and women who make history. Nevertheless, the hard reality is that, instead of being mighty moulders of the destiny of their nations, the great personages of history are mainly the unsubstantial shadows of all the deeds that have happened in the yesterdays before they lived.

It is not an exaggeration to say that, if our rulers today could be persuaded to read the three books which are the subject of this review, a mad world might become a tolerably sane abode. Dr. Seton-Watson gives us a most valuable summary of the main facts of British diplomacy since it entered the completely modern period when the French Revolution threw a large part of mediævalism into the melting-pot. Sir John Marriott, in a smaller volume, whose value is quite out of proportion to its size, gathers together the history of the proposals that have been made by which mankind can save itself from major insanity of war. Mr. Lionel Curtis, in a second volume of *Civitas Dei*, continues his brave attempt to find some guiding principles of individual and social life by which men can make it quite certain that they are civilized citizens and not mere savages. The title of his book is an indication that he hopes for a heavenly city and not an unseemly hell.

There is one all-important fact which distinguishes these three books. They are all history written by men who are much more than historians ; they are

also men of affairs, with wide experience of the world in its public life. Unlike the usual professional historians, they have not spent their whole time in libraries and class-rooms, but have (especially in the case of Sir John Marriott and Mr. Curtis) played a great part in the national life. In the case of Dr. Seton Watson, it is probable that during the diplomatic negotiations that came within his close view concerning the Great War of 1914-1918, he learned more about the technique of diplomacy than the mere university dons would know if they clubbed all their knowledge together since the story of diplomacy began.

Mr. Curtis modestly says that "trained historians" need not "waste their time" by reading his statement of historical facts. One would almost say that the contrary is true. It is a suggestive thought that the great historians of the world (for example, Clarendon, Macaulay, Lecky—and of course, Herodotus, Thucydides and Polybius) were as much men of the world as scholars of the library.

Sir John Marriott's handbook states the theories and (more important) the facts of the earlier attempts to work out a rational (i.e., a practical) plan for peace instead of war. He treats of Dante, Henri Quatre of France, Grotius, the Abbé de Saint Pierre, and all the rest of them, down to the League of Nations of 1919 and its later career under the assaults of assassins. One reads with impatience the abstract ideas of the philosopher Kant who knew in Königsberg almost as little of the world as the younger Pitt learned in Downing Street. We realize how the progress towards a balanced society was interrupted by the wild plungings of the unbalanced Czar Alexander I., paradoxically restrained by the very level-headed Castlereagh who committed suicide! But with such a mad world it was perhaps an act of wisdom to leave it.

Dr. Seton Watson's big book of over seven hundred closely printed pages is naturally, the one where the reader wil most easily satisfy a hungry appetit for ammunition with which to defen his diplomatic fancies and rout hi rivals in debate. With very grea success this book gets into one volum the matter which the earlier CAMBRIDG HISTORY OF EUROPE covered in larger space. The reader should, per haps, be warned that Dr. Seton Watson, when he is dealing with th general background of his picture (rathe than his own specialized subject) i sometimes apt to be influenced by th conventional thought that is so ofte the fate of those who have bee educated at Winchester, mediæval hom of still mediæval thought. (We migh have even escaped the Great War i Sir Edward Grey had not been Wykehamist!) For example, there ar not many historians who still think o the American Rebellion as a struggl between a tyrant George III. and noble band of colonist heroes fightin for liberty, which, one might gather, i Dr. Seton Watson's view on page 8 (He should read a brilliant little boo recently published by Professor Var Tyne). But such *obiter dicta* are only very small blemishes in a most valuabl history of modern British diplomacy which should be made compulsory reading by every method permissibl in free States. One of its most valuable lessons, alas!, is that most of our diplomacy has been conducted by men of very inferior intellect, when compared with our foreign rivals; although it is comforting to feel that in the matter of honesty and good faith, the British record is easily first. Englishmen should read Dr. Seton-Watson's book then, I say, in order to bring their brains on a level with their ethics. The present is a moment in our national history when our servants at the Foreign Office must be watched with the gravest care. It would be comforting if one could believe that they know the history of the past when they try to plan the future.

THE BEST BOOKS ON SPAIN

By Charles Duff.

PROCESO HISTORICO DE LA REVOLUCION ESPANOLA. S. Cánovas Cervantes. Ediciones C.N.T., Barcelona. *Pts.* 6.00.

THE SPANISH COCKPIT. An Eye-Witness Account of the Political and Social Conflicts of the Spanish Civil War. By Franz Borkenau. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE EPIC OF THE ALCAZAR, by Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss. *Rich and Cowan.* 9*s.*

THE WAR IN SPAIN. A Personal Narrative. By Ramón J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s* 6*d.*

THE SPANISH PLOT, by E. N. Dzelepy. With a Preface by Pertinax. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald and Frank Budgeon. *P. S. King & Son.* 6*s.*

LA REVOLUTION ESPAGNOLE. Vue par une Républicaine. Par Clara Campoamor, Deputé aux Cortés Constituantes. *Paris, Librairie Plon.* 15 *Fr.*

It is hardly the moment for one to be sure of one's judgment, to the point of being able to say without hesitation that these are the best books which appeared during the first twelve months of the Spanish Civil War; that they are the books most likely to be helpful to the future historian of the recent tragic events in the Peninsula. But this, at least, may be said: they are all well-informed and thoughtful works. Of the books which have appeared in English since July, 1936, one should not overlook *The Spanish Tragedy* by Professor E. Allison Peers, because of its admirable impartiality and well-documented sources; especially the bibliography at the end, which is invaluable. *The Spanish Cockpit* by Dr. Borkenau, begins where Professor Peers leaves off, and his is by far the best appreciation which has so far appeared of the realities of the situation as it has developed since last October, when *The Spanish Tragedy* was published. The two books should be read consecutively. Both authors know their Spain and its history. Dr. Borkenau's sketch of the background is first-rate, and he has visited the Government area twice since the outbreak of the military *pronunciamiento* which was to develop into the full-dress Civil War that has threatened and still threatens the peace of Europe. He is a cool, painstaking observer, without political obsessions—he writes as impartially as a naturalist. This is what gives his book so much value, and one is glad to sacrifice the impassioned fervour of the partisans in the joy of reading such good sense. It is curious, almost startling, to find how closely his observations and conclusions tally with those of a typical Spanish philosophic Anarchist, as exemplified in the work of Compañero S. Cânovas Cervantes—*Proceso Histórico de la Revolución Espanola.* The difference seems to be that, while Dr. Borkenau is a detached scientific observer of sociological phenomena, our anarchist is critically (and very intelligently) hostile to everything which savours even remotely of an authoritarian system of administration or government. But the average

Spaniard, the man of the people, puts Liberty above all else—the liberty of the individual to go his own way in life. This is the reason why he dislikes dictatorships, and it is the reason why there is little real Fascism on General Franco's side and little real Communism on the Government's side: one should not be misled by the appearances of the moment.

If Dr. Borkenau's book is the most penetrating study which has appeared in English, that of Cánovas Cervantes is possibly the best all-round book in any language dealing with the sociological background of the present struggle. It explains the psychology of the people of Spain who, according to the Duke of Wellington, are so difficult to understand exactly. Of these same people Napoleon wrote: "These poor Spaniards' . . . what an ignorant, weak people!"—but that was before he had made their acquaintance. In 1808 they defeated him, and that defeat marked a turning-point in history. In his memoirs Napoleon recorded how they had astounded him, and he left some advice to the ambitious of other nations who might wish to impose their yoke on Spain: to beware of the reactions of the *common people*. How right he was! Both Dr. Borkenau and Cánovas Cervantes bring out very clearly, that the only true traditionalists in Spain are *the people*, and that invariably they rise instinctively and fight to the death when their liberty is threatened, only to lapse again into apathy the moment they think they have won. It is a struggle for this ideal of individual liberty which has made the Spanish Anarchists the only revolutionaries in the world to-day. They are concerned with themselves and Spain only; and care nothing for the outside world. In this sense, the people of Spain are all alike. They even suspect and dislike the foreigner and foreign ideas. Whatever may be the outcome of the Civil War, one may be certain that neither Comintern or Fascintern will ever succeed in ruling the Spanish people.

Ramón Sender's *The War in Spain* is more than mere *reportage*; it is almost literature. As a graphic reporter he stands head and shoulders above all others. His sympathies are Left, and he represents the under-dog who is not disillusioned by the "success-complex" which has bitten so deeply into the hearts of Europeans and Americans (the Spaniard is not European, and has an entirely different set of ideals and values). All these books are written from the government side, and nothing of comparable value has come from the Nationalist camp except Geoffrey Moss's *Epic of the Alcazar*, an excellent account of an episode which can have few parallels in military history. Here we see the stoicism, powers of resistance, and extreme bravery of the Spaniards rising to truly epic heights. The author has almost but not quite, succeeded in avoiding the temptation to write propaganda.

One turns to M. Dzelepy's *Spanish Plot*, leaving the comparatively honest and clean atmosphere of Spain to enter the murky waters of international politics and German and Italian machinations in Spanish affairs. It is a good summary, and provides a clear statement of the French point of view. In the Preface, Pertinax states that, in August, 1936, M. Blum was informed that Britain's guarantees to maintain France's frontiers would not remain valid in the event of independent French action beyond the Pyrenees; and that this was the origin of "Non-intervention." In *La Révolution espagnole* there is a good account of the political chaos in Madrid at the outbreak of the military revolt, and Cruz Campoamor concludes: "The complete triumph of one of the two parties, materialized in a political system, will never be a guarantee of peace—either internally, or from outside."

To the Spanish Anarchist, this would be merely a truism. But it approximates also to Dr. Borkenau's conclusion, and is interesting to note that it comes from a sincere liberal republican.

DIALECTICAL HISTORY

By Malcolm Muggeridge.

THE EMPIRE OF THE NABOBS, by Lester Hutchinson. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE WHITE SAHIBS IN INDIA, by Reginald Reynolds. *Secker and Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Patriotism, like all other emotions, has its converse. It is possible to be consumed with hate as well as love of country, and to see fellow-countrymen always in the villain's role instead of the heroic. Where the Patriot never gives another country the benefit of the doubt the Anti-Patriot assumes his own country's invariable guilt.

India provides a field for Patriot and Anti-Patriot alike. In that it was conquered at all a Kipling rejoices ; the manner of its conquest and subsequent government have been denounced by many besides Burke and on various counts, the latest being that British rule in India is delaying the inevitable upsurging of the Indian Masses and the establishment there of a Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

This theme is developed in detail by Mr. Lester Hutchinson in *The Empire of the Nabobs*. His line is, that the British were able to conquer India because, "undeserving as they undoubtedly were, history was behind them," and that history is no longer behind them but behind the Congress Left Wing, so the sooner they clear out of India the better. The British, that is to say, in conquering India, really brought about a desirable social revolution (not, of course, to be obliging, but incidentally, as a burglar ransacking furniture might suggest a new way of arranging it), and therefore constituted a "progressive revolutionary force." They, introduced railways, for instance, in order to be able to get their loot away quicker, thereby incidentally knitting the country together in preparation for a successful proletarian revolution ; they carried out irrigation schemes because, Mr. Hutchinson explains, they wanted to ensure that plenty of backs would be available to wear Lancashire shirts, and to that extent actually increased India's wealth and population ; now history has deserted to the enemy and taken its place with "the Indian people in their long struggle against a reactionary Imperialism."

Mr. Reginald Reynolds' view, expressed in *The White Sahibs in India*, is a little different, though still in the Anti-Patriotic vein. He does not credit the British even with the meagre virtue of having been an unconscious instrument for promoting revolutionary good, but presents them as plain racketeers subduing and looting an inoffensive population. He is not, like Mr. Hutchinson, an unqualified admirer of the Comintern. On the whole the Red Sahibs, especially since they started promoting Popular Fronts, are as little to his taste as the White ones, and if he is less contemptuous than Mr. Hutchinson of Gandhi's leadership, he still regards the Irwin-Gandhi Pact, in the preliminaries of which he played a part, as a great betrayal.

There is much that is true in books like *The Empire of the Nabobs* and

The White Sahibs in India, just as there is much that is true in Miss Mayo's *Mother India*. The British conquest of India contains many shameful episodes, as have all conquests that have ever happened. Few individuals are fit to be entrusted with power even over their children whom they love, let alone over an alien and subservient population whom they are almost bound to get to dislike. Greed was the motive which first sent Englishmen to India, and it is greed which sends many of them there to this day. The poverty of the Indian peasantry is terrible, though not more so than the poverty of the Chinese peasantry who have not yet been subjected to foreign rule. Virtue goes out of all subject peoples, and has gone out of the population of India; and Education and Representative Institutions transplanted from an alien soil have not made good the deficiency.

All this is true and much besides, yet it still remains the case that British rule in India has shown some disinterestedness; that individual administrators have served the country selflessly according to their lights; that something has been gained, as well as much lost, by India through its strange association with Britain, though how much gained and how much lost cannot now be computed; that just as in any individual transaction it is impossible to apportion unqualified blame or approval, to separate out motives, so it is in a collective transaction like acquiring an Empire. This force of history which Mr. Hutchinson and his fellow-Marxists write about so much—what is it but Men? And Men, as each separate Man well knows, are urged on, not by one appetite, but by many conflicting ones; are inspired, not by one loyalty, but by many conflicting ones; are capable of disinterestedness as well as of the basest exploitation of the weak.

SOMETHING SHORT AND SWEET by H. E. Bates. *Jonathan Cape* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A critic looking back over the work of the young generation of writers must be struck by the fact that the outstanding work of the last ten years is to be found not in the novel—we seem to have no great novelists—but in the short story. I can suggest one reason for this. The English novel is based on character, that is to say on those idiosyncrasies, habits and attitudes which are produced in the human animal when he becomes social or moral man. But after the psychologists this kind of character-drawing seemed superficial. We become concerned with passion. But passion is the most monotonous diet. There is richer variousness in the social creature than in the passionate. One man in a rage or in a rut ilike another. If the full flavour was to be extracted from the passions, their portrayal must be brief.

Upon the work of H. E. Bates, the most accomplished and satisfying of English short-story writers, the influence of D. H. Lawrence has been considerable and not always happy. He had, and still has, an obsession with the female breast as monotonous in its way as Lawrence's loins, groins and solar plexus. And at one time Mr. Bates seemed entirely to dwell mazed and sensitive in the day-dreaming, half-ecstatic, half-frightened world of childhood and adolescence—a period which, since he was a poet, produced some lovely work and some of the most real and delicate writing on the English country that we have had for years, but out of which he did not seem able to grow. His novel, *House of Women*, was the first real attempt to break away from this soft and dream-like spell. His short story *The Mill* in the collection preceding the present one, showed him at last and momentarily free, an adult mind, objective, clear seeing, purged of adolescence and its "pathetic fallacies." *The Mill* seems to me one of the great stories of our language, and no story in *Something*

Short and Sweet comes up to it. *The Kimono*, a study of catastrophic passion, is a *tour de force*, but is marred—as so many of his stories of sexual passion are—by more than a suggestion of being phantasies of wish-fulfilment. They are dreams made to look unlike dreams by being written in a harder more economical manner than is usual for him. *Breeze Anstey*, the story of the love of one woman for another on a Hampshire farm, is a more genuine piece of work but to place near *The Mill*. Here you get a truly observed picture, a revelation all the more convincing for being implicit. I think I have never read so real and moving an account of the lives of two ordinary English middle-class women.

A great deal has been made by reviewers of the new directness and hardness in Mr. Bates' writing. The daydream has, in fact, in may cases been transferred from manner to subject, and not always with advantage. In a story like *The Landlady* and in *The Palace* too, there is a note of strain and hysteria, an air of shouting the facts to drive them home.

If I had not found more to enjoy and admire in this book than in any other I have read for a long time, I would not make these criticisms. At all times Mr. Bates conveys an astonishing sense of power, and the reputation he has gained is not the result of temporary fashion, but of the lasting, conscientious work of a born artist.

V. S. Pritchett.

BRITISH INSTITUTIONS OF TO-DAY, by T. K. Derry. *Longmans.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Derry is Civics Master at Repton, and the primary purpose of his book is to give the Sixth Form pupil a clear idea of the public life in which he or she must learn to play a part; it is also intended "to interest the general reader who wishes to get behind the façade of the constitution." It is very well suited for either of these objects, though perhaps most Sixth Form pupils are too superior and most adults too lazy to give such an honest and unpretentious attempt to impart the elements of a subject the attention which it deserves. There is, indeed, a certain tendency to state a problem without probing its inner meaning to the parties involved, which prevents the book from being more than a text-book. For instance, Mr. Derry does not seem quite to appreciate the importance of the House of Lords' veto, merely suspensive though this is, to a Labour Government intent on carrying out its advertised programme. Time is often of the greatest possible importance, and the creation of peers to solve a deadlock might become of great urgency. It is really slurring over a difficulty just to say that the King "would use his influence . . . . to effect a compromise between the Upper House and the Government of the day."

The outstanding merit of the book is that the author has shown the relationship between central and local authorities, and analysed the forms of control exercisable by the one over the other, for the benefit of a public which has not the time or the training to master the more comprehensive books on the subject. The difficulty of making the general reader, or the student who is a beginner, grasp the essentials of the Constitution is that, while the works of Bagehot and Dicey are as indispensable as ever, they must be supplemented by other works in order to obtain an understanding of the principles of central administration, local government and also of course, inter-Imperial relationships.

There is a temptation for the older teachers simply to follow the beaten tracks of tradition, for the younger to ignore the truths expounded by the old masters. Mr. Derry avoids both of these mistakes. He has a well-balanced mind and a sense of perspective; and the reader who approaches the study of British institutions under his guidance will not lose his way.

W. T. Wells

THE COLONIAL PROBLEM. A Report by a Study Group of Members of the Royal Institution of International Affairs. (*Oxford University Press.* 21*s.*)

There is so much loose talk about Colonies that an unbiassed survey of the facts, such as Chatham House now presents, was badly needed. The group of experts headed by Mr. Harold Nicolson, with a not less expert secretary in Miss Margaret Bryant, has produced an invaluable book, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere. It abounds in exact information relating to all the Colonial Powers, it summarizes current controversies, above all it forces the reader to recognize the highly complex nature of what, for convenience, is described as the Colonial problem. Some people still seem to think of colonies as our forefathers thought of the plantations—oversea estates to be worked for the benefit of the mother country and disposable like other landed property. It is noteworthy that nearly half the book has to be devoted to "The Colonial Aspect," emphasizing the responsibilities of Colonial Powers to their native subjects. Enlightened modern opinion regards a colony as a trust rather than a source of profit, and this fundamental truth is rightly enforced here, as it must govern the action of all democratic governments. If those who light-heartedly suggest that we can secure everlasting peace by giving colonies away, like so much Danegeld, would ask themselves whether we have a moral right to place our wards under a rule that we ourselves should find distasteful, they would hesitate to press such a policy.

In the opening chapters on "The International Aspect" of colonization, it is recognized that Germany seeks "territory under her own management which can form part of her own financial, economic and political system," and her main motive is prestige. It is of little avail to point out to Herr Hitler that tropical African colonies will not relieve the alleged overcrowding of Germany which he is in fact intensifying by his population policy. Nor does h need to be reminded that Germany ca and indeed does, buy from tropic Africa as much of its produce as sh cares to pay for. The German deman is for territorial possession, free fro any mandate, in order that, apart fro strategic advantages, Germany ma rank among the Colonial Powers.

It is useful, however, to have th emigration and trade arguments full examined. We are told that in th whole of the tropical and sub-tropica colonies the total white population i less than a million, and there is littl prospect of its increase. "The genera trend of migration is from region with relatively low standards of livin to those with higher standards." Th extreme caution with which the Italia authorities are initiating very sma settlements in Abyssinia shows tha they have no illusions on this subject whatever might have been said i triumphal speeches a year ago. I regard to trade, British colonies tak only a quarter of their imports fro Great Britain, whereas Algeria buy eighty per cent. of her needs in Franc and the American and Japanese colonie take as large a proportion from th United States and Japan. Th mandated territories in Africa, formerl German, enjoy free trade, whether the lie within or without the "conventiona basin of the Congo" where trade is fre to all nations by the Treaty of 1885. I 1935, 68.5 per cent. of the imports int British Cameroons were German, an 80 per cent. of the exports went t Germany. While it is true that th "open door" into some of our colonies containing a third of the whole colonia population, has been partly closed i recent years by moderate preferentia tariffs in favour of British goods, th colonies still buy more from the res of the world, including Germany, tha they do from us. Yet, as the author say :—

> "the grosser forms of monopoly and ad vantage which at present cause discontent among countries not sharing them might b removed by the conclusion of internationa conventions offering a really Open Door."

t would cost us little to set an example y reverting to our pre-war policy.

On the main colonial problem, that f promoting the welfare of the non-European inhabitants, the Chatham House Group has collected much nstructive evidence. The policy of axing Africans in order to induce hem to seek wage employment is eprecated. "Experience in Africa hows that taxation, unless it is xcessive, has far less permanent nfluence than the local shopkeeper." The practice of inducing natives to row crops for export rather than for heir own use may, it is pointed out, be arried too far; the cocoa industry in he Gold Coast and the ground-nut ndustry in Northern Nigeria are ortunate exceptions to the general rule. Yet a supply of native labour and a arge export trade are needed if colonies re to be efficiently administered, for European rule is costly though eneficent. The possible extension of ndirect rule, in our West African narket, is examined in some detail, on he whole favourably. But it has to be emembered that the other colonial Powers in Africa pursue native policies nlike our own. If they could all work ogether with us, there might well be ess ground for the criticism that is eginning to come from the educated Africans and that will hereafter have o be reckoned with, as in India.

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

THE LIFE OF JESUS, by Conrad Noel. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

It has become quite fashionable in ecent years to produce a life of Jesus, nd consequently each new biography hat appears is bound to be regarded vith some suspicion until it has justified ts existence. Conrad Noel has certainly dopted a new method of interpretation; imself a socialist, he thinks, as do so nany others, that Jesus was a socialist, nd he has maintained that only by a ninute consideration of the then pre-ailing economic, political and social onditions can the life and teaching f the Christ be properly appreciated. He has laid especial stress upon the economic conditions, and has to a large extent brought the materialistic view of historic evolution, held by the Marxists, to bear upon the life of Jesus and its interpretation. Everyone will not necessarily agree with either the methods employed or the results obtained, but all alike, orthodox or unorthodox, Marxist or otherwise, will find a work of the most absorbing interest.

The book is in three parts, and is further supplemented by a series of appendices, which in some ways form the most important and scholarly part of the book. These deal with the questions of the historical personality of Jesus and the Incarnation and the Virgin Birth, among others, and form not so much an appendix as an introduction to the whole work. In the first part the author describes the political, economic and religious background, and indulges in a fiery, but legitimate, condemnation of the Roman Empire and Imperial system. The development of the idea of the Kingdom of God during the time of the Judges and Prophets, and after, until the years immediately preceding the advent of the Messiah himself, forms the substance of the second part. It is not until the third part that he begins to give an account of the life and the teaching of the Christ. But this lengthy introduction is well worth while, as it enables one to understand better the ideas and beliefs of Jesus and his followers. The book is written on the whole in simple language, understandable to laymen, although certain passages, such as the one dealing with the interpretation of the phrase that can be translated "within you" or "among you," are more for the student of theology than the general reader. One also meets with a fair amount of what can only be termed socialistic jargon, which after a time becomes extremely irritating.

Despite these faults, however, and occasional lapses from good taste, the work has much to commend it; and not least its sincerity.

PHILIP SCHAPIRO.

THE POPE IN POLITICS. The Life and Work of Pius XI, by William Teeling. *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. William Teeling sees the Vatican under an autocratic personality, who has nevertheless made terms with Fascist Italy, spinning along on a Rome-Vienna axis which bodes no good for the (immediate) future of the Catholic Church. Pope Pius XI. he regards, with all his qualities, as unduly perturbed, not to say obsessed, by the spectre of Bolshevism—the consequence of his period of office as Apostolic Visitor to Poland in 1919-20. Moreover, the Pope is "temperamentally more interested in the question of Reunion with the Eastern Churches" than in the destiny of Catholicism in Europe or overseas.

It is the latter which pre-occupies Mr. Teeling. Like many of the younger Catholics in English-speaking countries he is alarmed at the apparent subservience of those who direct Vatican policy to the dictates of Signor Mussolini *et hoc genus omne.* The Pope's silence at the time of the rape of Abyssinia, the posture of the Catholic hierarchy in regard to Spain, these are only the most obvious counts in the indictment. Germany is a case apart, requiring, as Mr. Teeling says, a whole book in itself. And even there Catholics whatever their own differences with National Socialism, are perfectly prepared to see in democracy "the germ-carrier of Bolshevism" etc. . . . . Thus, *Il Duce* is being eminently successful in driving a wedge between the Catholic Church and democracy, and the Pope cuts an inglorious figure as, in this twentieth century, the "prisoner of the Quirinal." And this is happening at a time when the Catholic population is growing by leaps and bounds in the overseas countries which are determinedly democratic, especially in the U.S.A., Canada and Australia. There are 350 million Roman Catholics to-day as compared with the 150 million computed by Lord Macaulay about a hundred years ago; but the increase is almost entirely in the New World, and if the near-Fascist attitude of the Vatican continues, the Catholic communities overseas will find their relations with their European co-religionists increasingly difficult.

So much for Mr. Teeling's thesis. There is no lack of illustrative detail. I found the chapter on Canada particularly indicative of new horizons, and from an Irishman, I should have personally welcomed more information about Ireland. But I wonder whether Mr. Teeling is not giving too much rein to his own particular hobby-horse. He should also have taken more trouble to sift and condense his material. Not the least consideration in the Lateran Treaty bargain, as Mr. Teeling suggests, was the amount of two billion lire which the Pope received, making him independent of American funds. The wily *Duce*, on the other hand, did not fail to secure a guarantee that this money should be held in Italian Government stock, so that the Catholic Church is directly concerned with the fate of the totalitarian régime. But one feels that, in any case, the humanist and social-democratic values of one-half of the world would meet with disfavour in that region of the Catholic Church where power resides.

LESLIE DIAMOND.

RAINBOW FISH, by Ralph Bates. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

ACT OF GOD, by F. Tennyson Jesse. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE BRIDGE, by Francis Stuart. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Ralph Bates is, as they say, a great trier. The result is that he is sometimes very trying. The four short novels which make up his new book "Rainbow Fish" give plenty of scope for his vigour and imagination and his store of knowledge of different ways of life. He has seen and heard and felt and imagined a great deal of interesting stuff, and one genuinely admires the almost savage sincerity with which he tries to transcribe it all. But by the time he has finished describ-

g a storm at sea, or the solitary usings of an unhappy small boy, he ıs accumulated so many details that ıe outline is lost. To make matters orse, he is miserly with his full stops ıd conjunctions. Consequently the 'st novel, "Rainbow Fish" itself, hich relates the various lives of the cturesque outcasts who form a sponge-ving gang in the Aegean, is a turgid ass of indiscriminate detail in which e continually lose the thread of the ory. And even when, as in the other ree novels, Mr. Bates has been ther more ruthless with his material, is unhelpful in his arrangement of . "Death in the Sky," for instance, nsists of five different narratives of e same series of events, which one is pected to be continually comparing. is a measure of Mr. Bates's real ıality that any reader puts up with at sort of treatment.

After a bout of catch-as-catch-can ith Mr. Bates, it is restful to sit wn and speculate about eternity ith Miss Tennyson Jesse. In "Act God" she sets a theological argument gainst the background of a small iviera town. Among a riffraff of rthless characters, drawn with a ely dislike which at times slips into ricature, live the two friends, Father ıbadeus, the devoted Catholic priest, ıd Colonel Erskine, the sensitive heist. A miracle takes place at axinet, and several years later it is scovered to have been a trick staged an exhibitionist. Cabadeus's periors seem disposed to perpetuate e fraud, and he is overcome by the attering of his faith in the Church. skine rouses him from his inertia of spair by the recital of his own rsonal tragedy, and in a final bout of gument states the position of the od atheist, hoping for nothing after ath, believing that virtue and service mankind are by so much the finer, at so "goodness has true integrity." ıe argument is never finished, for fore Cabadeus can make his decision is dead, drowned while trying to scue one of his flock.

In less skilful hands than Miss Tennyson Jesse's all this discussion might have become exhaustive and impersonal and excessively tedious. In hers it does not; Cabadeus and Erskine are living people who speak their own thoughts, not mere puppets for her ventriloquism. The book remains a study of characters rather than abstractions, and of characters worth studying. The greater part of the book is so just, and much of the writing so fine, that one rather regrets the facile intolerance with which Miss Tennyson Jesse has sketched that aspect of the Riviera which she dislikes.

And finally, there is Mr. Francis Stuart's "The Bridge," which should have come first, for it is much the best book of the three. Gently and dispassionately Mr. Stuart describes the little Irish town of Fert, ruined by the loss of its fishing trade; the smug, ignoble inhabitants of the mainland town; the secretive, lawless, romantic dwellers in the slums of the island which is linked to Fert by the bridge of the title; and Larry Byrne, the town engineer entangled in gambling debts and a love affair with another man's wife, involved with the islanders in a dangerous swindle, until finally he escapes from it all to the safety of Dublin and a new job. Mr. Stuart's handling of the complexities of human motives is wonderfully sure and subtle, and it is the more impressive because he never shouts or shows off. His writing in this book is colourless to the point of sometimes seeming negligent, but not a line is blurred. His development of the growth of love between Larry and Joanna, and of the accumulation of fears and compunctions by which Larry is finally overborne, is a memorable piece of work, complete, balanced, and utterly unsentimental. Joanna at times does not ring quite true, but Larry's weakness, his remorse, his divided love, his nervous weariness and his helpless unwilling cruelty are perfectly done. This is a novel not to be missed. E. A. MONTAGUE.

MISCELLANEA

COAL-MINER, by G. A. W. Tomlinson. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE, by Dorothy Sayers. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

ENGLAND'S GREATER CHURCHES. A PICTORIAL SURVEY. *Batsford,* 3*s.* 6*d.*

M.C.C. 1787-1937. *The Times.* 1*s.*

Approached in a spirit of cynicism *Coal-Miner* by G. A. W. Tomlinson, a young out-of-work miner from the Nottinghamshire collieries, can be guyed successfully, as at least one review has proved. It is a book only for those who enjoy a simplicity of description and for those who do not resent an even greater simplicity of thought. The author was discovered by Arthur Bryant at Ashridge and encouraged, after conversation to write. He had won a week's North Country scholarship, a sufficiently unusual achievement to suggest that he was not in politics or habits like his fellows. But at least he was not antagonistic towards them, and, pleading the miners' cause he has set down his belief that strikes are useless machinery for righting wrongs and that much might be gained by sympathetic discussions between owner and man.

From childhood, Tomlinson has known hunger as the only alternative to hard work; but even hunger could not make him entirely unhappy and he suggests that much of a miner's restlessness and willingness to strike may be put down to the fact that often he has a great longing for the sun. In Sherwood Forest Tomlinson found great consolation for all his troubles; he loved every tree and every animal and bird and his poetic spirit has found expression in this book. If it had done no more than ease his own mind, it would have served its purpose, but it has gone further than that, revealing the best human traits, humour and understanding in adversity.

Miss Dorothy Sayers, who may count me among her fans, has written an excellent Canterbury Festival play praised by the dramatic critics and now available to a much larger public in book form. Her choice of William of Sens, architect of the Cathedral after the choir had been burnt down in 1174 as the chief figure of her play is admirable, for William's character was exceedingly dramatic and sufficiently obscure for the author to mould it to her pleasure. The play is a delight and nothing is better than the opening scene in which the weaknesses of man are discussed disarmingly by the Archangels before the Chapter meets to debate the appointment of an architect for the new choir.

It is not such a long step from *The Zeal of Thy House* to the pleasurable contemplation of Batsford's pictorial survey of England's Greater Churches. An introduction has been written in concise form by C. B. Nicolson, who reminds us that with "a single and notable exception, all of the thirty-nine churches illustrated" in the pages "were the work of medieval craftsmen and labourers, building in accordance with structural formulas that would be considered cumbrous and outworn at the present day," and we are left to wonder at the marvels that the photographs show and also to rejoice that modern photography can capture so sympathetically poems in stone and hold them on the printed page.

Between stiff covers *The Times* have reprinted their M.C.C. supplement embellished it with many attractive photographs and presented the whole in a most attractive form for one shilling. It is a splendid piece of work and has met with the success it deserves. Every aspect of cricket has been dealt with in a comprehensive manner by a writer peculiarly qualified and the result is a record which could not be bettered for all those who have the slightest affection for the greatest of all games.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

or the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief etch by way of introduction of our Contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

With war in all its modern hideousness reading throughout Northern China, th the strife of ideas and power in ain unappeased, the regular assem- age of States' representatives for the eague Assembly at Geneva is like thing so much as a tragic puppet-show. ie stark facts of the international iarchy are there, however, and cannot disregarded, even though so many us at this time of the year seek livion in holiday-making.

Sir Arthur Willert is no alarmist. it the picture he paints of the frustra- on of the past few years is lugubrious ough. And the story, as it concerns reat Britain, is a woeful tale of lost portunities. Sir Arthur Willert, who ntributed an article on British Foreign licy just a year ago, is as well ialified as anyone to adjudge its erits and shortcomings. From 1921- 35 he was in the Foreign Office, for any years as head of the News epartment and Press Officer at all iportant international gatherings. reviously he was trained as a journalist *The Times* and was that paper's ief correspondent in the U.S.A. from 10-1920.

R. T. Barrett is Night-Editor of the *outh China Morning Post.* Trained for ie Navy, he was taken prisoner and terned in Holland in the early months the War. After a period at Keble llege, Oxford, he went to Hong Kong id became editor of the *Daily Press* id the *Hong Kong Critic.* He has been llowing closely the courageous efforts of eneral Chiang Kai-Shek to build up an integral, independent, and self-reliant China. That all his good work is jeopardized by the insatiable appetite for power of the oligarchy which rules Japan is the burden of Mr. Barrett's article, and it is pathetic, as he suggests, that Great Britain and America, posing as civilized nations, can stand by seemingly powerless to prevent Chinese people from being plunged back into the anarchy from which they have slowly been emerging.

In the minds of the present generation the name of The **Earl of Lytton, P.C.,** is associated particularly with this Far Eastern area. But the Lytton Commission was only an incident in a full and many-sided public life. As Governor of Bengal (1922-27) and Acting-Viceroy in the summer of 1925, he left his mark on the Administration in India, and subsequently on two occasions was principal delegate of India at the Assembly of the League at Geneva. As leader of the British group which attended the recent Paris Conference of international research bodies on " Peaceful Change " he made a remarkable impression on all who were present. It is on this much-discussed but little-understood subject that he writes.

It is just a year since the expedient of Non-Intervention was initiated. **Stephen Heald** who narrates its un- edifying story is Secretary of the Information Department of that admir- able body, the Royal Institute of Inter- national Affairs.

William Rappard belongs to that

almost extinct species, the European Liberals. He was one of the first members of the League Secretariat and has been for many years a delegate of his country to the Assembly. Apart from his work as Professor of Public Finance at the University of Geneva, of which he is at present Rector, he is principal of the Graduate School of International Studies, and a member of the Permanent Mandates Commission.

If international politics once again occupy a substantial proportion of our space, the fault lies, not in our stars but in ourselves—that we are still the underlings of Mars. Future generations will no doubt marvel at our slowness in drawing the political conclusions from the physical facts of interdependence which science has demonstrated. **Stephen Gwynn** in his mellow commentary on the ebb and flow of events draws a striking parallel with the attitude of our ancestors to the first clocks that were introduced.

We are still a long way alas! from putting to creative use, exclusively, the instruments of iron and steel whose production in its British aspect, is discussed by **Jules Menken**, a writer on economic subjects who was formerly on the staff of Mr. Lloyd George in th days when the latter was seeking t galvanize and modernize Liberalism.

In "The Seaside and the Sea **L. A. G. Strong** writes from the hear of feelings and prejudices which mus be common to millions of us dweller in the British Isles. L. A. G. Stron has quickly made a name for himse among the younger writers since h resigned from the famous preparator school, Summerfields, Oxford, wher he was a schoolmaster for twelve year after leaving Wadham College.

THE FORTNIGHTLY is fortunate i securing a contribution from Willian **McDougall**, F.R.S., who is regarded b many as the ablest and most stimulatin psychologist of our time. A Cambridg man (Fellow of St. John's, 1898) he hel for many years the post of Reader i Mental Philosophy in the University of Oxford, where he was a Fellow o Corpus, and his influence still live on there. From Oxford he went t Harvard, and for the past ten years ha been Professor of Psychology in Duk University, North Carolina. He is th author of some fifteen books o psychological and sociological trends.

THE FORTNIGHTLY announces for October, 1937

THE PLIGHT OF THE CLERGY *By the Dean of Chichester*

No profession has been harder hit by changes in social and economic values than the Church. The Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones, Dean of Chichester, discusses the plight of many of his generation, the black prospects for the next generation and suggests means of alleviating their distress.

PLANNED SCIENCE *By George Catlin*

At a recent Conference Sir William Beveridge, for many years Director of the London School of Economics, made a plea for the establishment of a social-economic General Staff to supply the stimulus and knowledge of which politicians harassed by day-to-day problems stand in need. George Catlin, a distinguished writer and teacher of political science, discusses this question on the basis of practical experience as well as theory.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FORGERY *By Stanley Casson*

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